'The Living Age Brings the World to America'

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1925

Inside Manchuria

BY

A GERMAN RESIDENT

The Grand Prix at Milan

Yankees at Large

BY

TWO EUROPEANS

Where Women Are Slaves

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASSROOM

MONZA! MONZA! Discuss the following statement made by our Italian contributor: 'The repetition of such triumphs is tantamount to a reaffirmation of political superiority, which will be recognized both at home and abroad, and which should inspire the Italian people with new hope and faith.' What are some of the reasons for our contributor's coming to this conclusion?

IN THE REALM OF CHANG TSO-LIN. Who is Chang Tso-lin? Locate the following places mentioned in the article: Manchuria, Dairen, Mukden. What do you learn from the article about the South Manchurian Railway? Give a brief description of the city of Mukden. Why is it of such crucial importance in Far Eastern politics? What are some of the leading products of Manchuria?

DAYTON ON THE BOULEVARDS. What is the point of Abel Hermant's sarcastic letter? On what grounds does he criticize the American tourist in Paris?

MR. BABBITT IN PARIS. Do you find any differences in Mr. Hermant's and Miss Leitich's views of the American tourist? Why, in her opinion, do Americans enjoy Paris? Do you think that these two skits give a fair picture of the American visitor to Europe?

THE WOMAN PROBLEM IN NORTH AFRICA. On what religious grounds are the Kabyle women in North Africa left in seclusion? Describe the marriage customs among these people. Amplify the statement of Colonel Godchot that 'In them everything works together for the enslavement of women.' What is being done to remedy existing conditions?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teachers in adapting the *Living Age* to the classroom, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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THE LIVING AGE

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NEXT WEEK

THE TWILIGHT OF EMPIRE

I. IS ENGLAND DONE? *By Sir Philip Gibbs*

II. A NEGATIVE ANSWER *By John Galsworthy*

Here are two striking contributions on a subject that is of the utmost importance to the whole civilized world. If England has outlived her day, will her mantle fall on our shoulders? Or is she destined to rise to new heights?

GERMANY'S SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

By Captain Friedrich Schlosser

With all this talk about aircraft in future wars, we must not forget the almost decisive part played by the humble submarine in the last one. Captain Schlosser is the ex-commander of a U-boat, and he tells the German side of the story from the point of view of a naval expert.

JOYCE AND BEYOND JOYCE *By James P. O'Reilly*

The most discussed writer of the century is here analyzed by a not entirely sympathetic fellow countryman. The author of *Ulysses*, it appears, has not only attracted English and American imitators, but he has started up a French school, even crazier than he is.

THE PASSING OF THE PIANOFORTE

By W. J. Turner

On the heels of John Hays Hammond Jr.'s announcement that he has discovered a device that will revolutionize the poor old piano comes the astounding pronouncement of Mr. Turner that 'it would not in the least surprise me if in another fifty years the pianoforte were an extinct instrument along with the viols and the harpsichord.'

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *OCTOBER 24, 1925* — NO. 4242

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ELECTIONS AND NO END

THE victory of the Laborists at the Stockport election last September, where their candidate converted a Conservative majority of more than six thousand into a Labor majority of more than two thousand, has started the rumor that Mr. Baldwin may appeal to the country — at least under certain contingencies — at a date sufficiently early to put political jockeys on the qui vive. Of course, a single by-election defeat does not signify a reversal of the sentiment so emphatically expressed by British voters only a few months ago. But there are rumors of acute divisions within the ranks of the Government's supporters, whose majority is too large and too heterogeneous for harmonious coöperation. The unpopular coal settlement, continued business depression and unemployment, skepticism as to the wisdom of the return to the gold standard, and a wave of national pessimism coloring all political and economic thought, encourage speculation on a possible change of government. Lloyd George has sprung into the spotlight with a plan for the compulsory purchase of Britain's large estates at the low price represented by their present revenue-producing capacity, and for subdividing into farms granted to actual cultivators. He points to England's heavy food-imports, at this time when her balance of trade is unfavorable enough at best, and the example of neighboring countries like Denmark and Holland, which are exporting provisions to England, to reënforce his argument.

Meanwhile the Dominions are unsettled. The Commonwealth Cabinet of Australia has decided to call general elections for November 14, with the hope of clarifying the political situation there and defeating Labor, which has made gains in recent State elections, just at a time when the Party is under a cloud on account of the unpopular shipping-strike. Mr. Mackenzie King has called a new election in Canada after holding office through four years of economic depression and general discouragement with too weak a majority to carry strong remedial measures. Only South Africa, of the three great Dominions, seems to be politically stabilized for the time being.

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On the Continent the shadow of an election hovers over France, where the overthrow of the Cabinet is freely predicted as a result of Caillaux's failure to make a final debt-settlement with the United States and to solve the budgetary crisis. The wars in Morocco and Syria are anything but popular, although the campaigns in both countries appear to be turning in favor of the French. In the opinion of most prophets, nothing is likely to happen in France, however, until M. Briand has had an opportunity to show what he can accomplish in his Pact negotiations with Germany.

Czechoslovakia's politicians are also astir in anticipation of an approaching general election, advanced from its normal date next spring by the recent controversy with the Vatican and a recrudescence of the nationality question, especially as it affects the Germans. In the Orient Japan is looking forward to her first general polling under universal suffrage, and in South America, Chile, where a plebiscite has just been held upon the new Constitution, and President Alessandri has resigned, is also in the midst of a Presidential campaign.

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INTERNATIONAL POLITICS IN EASTERN EUROPE

SIGNS of a possible diplomatic realignment are visible in Eastern Europe. Poland, so long partitioned between Teutonic and Slavic Powers, has been of two opinions since recovering her independence regarding her relations with her neighbors. Rather oddly, Russia's friends in that country have been most numerous in the Parties of the Right, while the advocates of a better understanding with Germany, led by Pilsudski, have drawn their strength from the Left. Neither group, of course, cherishes ardent affection even for the more favored neighbor, but the diversity of inclination is marked enough to create a party issue.

Of the two groups, the Conservatives have been the more critical of the French alliance. Though not unfriendly to that country, they have been skeptical of her policies. In particular they have treated as a failure the Paris scheme for making Poland and Rumania links in a chain encircling Germany and separating her from Russia. Their argument is that England has been able to paralyze this project by her influence in Finland and her naval supremacy in the Baltic. Their relative friendliness for England, as France's antagonist on the European chessboard, is further inspired by the hope of financial assistance from that country.

Now that a Security Pact bringing France, England, and Germany into a tripartite entente shows promise of being realized, Poland and Russia face a new international situation. Both would like to defeat the Security Pact in its present form — Russia because she regards it as an alliance against herself, Poland because it does not sufficiently guarantee her Western borders.

Consequently Bolshevist papers, especially the Moscow Government organ, *Izvestia*, have begun to preach Pan-Slavic brotherhood and friendship with Warsaw. Indeed, radical changes are said to have occurred in the editorial leadership of the Soviet press in this connection. These overtures, emphasizing 'the necessity of initiating and drawing closer friendly relations between the two great Slavic neighbors,' as *Izvestia* expresses it, were cordially welcomed by the Nationalist Members of Parliament. *Gazeta Warszawska*, the organ of Roman Dmovski, the leader of the Right, congratulated

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its readers in several leading articles upon 'the warm wind from Moscow to Poland.'

Thus was the way prepared for the visit of Chicherin, the Soviet Foreign Minister, to Warsaw and Berlin. The Polish Nationalist press assures the people that 'the frightful danger that English propaganda would have us believe Russian Pan-Asiaticism represents for Europe is more legend than fact. . . . The Pan-Asiatic devil is by no means so terrible a creature as the English picture him to be to our neurasthenic continent. . . . Poland's interest certainly does not lie in checking Russia's expansion in Asia, turning her toward the West, and throwing her into the arms of Germany.'

Simultaneously, rumor has it that Dr. Beneš, Czechoslovakia's Foreign Minister, whose position has been somewhat shaken by the promised success of a Security Pact apparently disregarding his country's security, has countered the attacks of his enemies by paving the way for an independent guaranty and arbitration treaty with Germany.

*

ALIENS UNDER CHINESE LAW

HITHERTO, most foreigners in China have been under the jurisdiction of tribunals of their own or of mixed European nationality, and have possessed the privilege of having their legal disputes decided — and their offenses punished — according to the canons of Western law. If extraterritoriality is relinquished, as it promises to be in the near future, foreigners will be subject thereafter to the Chinese law and to Chinese courts. It is significant that at the Conference upon China at Baltimore last September missionaries and social workers who reside in the interior of China and have to do only with Chinese favored the abolition of extraterritoriality, while representatives of business men residing in the treaty ports were its strong defenders.

For some time now two European nationalities well represented in China have not enjoyed the right of extraterritoriality. These are the Russians and the Germans. The former occupy a rather exceptional position on account of the peculiar relations of the Soviet Government with China. The situation of the Germans, however, resembles that which other Europeans and Americans will occupy when China acquires jurisdiction over all aliens in her territories. A correspondent of the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* recently interviewed a number of Germans in the treaty ports for the purpose of finding out what their experience had been. One said: 'It is a case of appendicitis. We Germans have had our operation, and we are feeling very nicely after it. We hope the others will feel equally well when they have had theirs.' He added that he had heard no serious complaints from his countrymen of hardship or injustice suffered under Chinese law. Chinese judicial procedure seemed queer, but the judgments were just. There had been no instances of unfair treatment. Chinese judges had given great care and consideration to all cases and had been as judicial in their decisions as judges of any other country. As illustrating the curious legal ideas that crop out in native tribunals, in an action brought against two German doctors in Tientsin by a Chinese because his wife had died in their hospital, the doctors claimed the right to call expert witnesses to show that their treatment had been correct. The judge thought this unnecessary. He argued: 'You are rich men. This is a poor man, and he has lost his wife. Would n't it be the right thing for you to pay him something?' There was no ill will, only a

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different way of looking at things, and in the end the court was persuaded to hear expert evidence. Chinese judges are always eager to find a compromise instead of applying the strict letter of the law. Most of the Germans interviewed believed that their trade in China and their relations with the people generally had profited by the abandonment of extraterritoriality; but a few distrusted the Chinese courts in civil cases.

Russians, especially in Harbin, appear to have suffered under Chinese jurisdiction. This may be due partly to the fact that they are ex-supporters of the Tsar, and that the representatives of the Soviet Government at Peking consequently display no disposition to give them the usual diplomatic protection — may, indeed, throw their influence in the opposite direction.

The foreign-language press of China, which is for the most part hostile to the proposed changes, cites instances of the capriciousness and venality of Chinese judges, especially of the difficulty that foreigners have experienced in getting justice in suits brought against men of high position and influence. Of course such evils are not confined to China, and the average Chinaman suffers as much from them as does the alien. Personal liberty, security for life and property, and immunity from torture, official oppression, corruption, and injustice, are as important for the Chinese as for the strangers within their gate. They may get these blessings the sooner if foreigners in China are put in the same box with themselves. It is argued in some quarters that international cases should come before international courts as a matter of general principle, and that if this practice were once established in the Orient it might gradually extend to the rest of the world.

BESSARABIAN JUSTICE

A YEAR ago last September a gendarme at Tatar-Bunar in Southern Bessarabia attempted to take a hide away from a peasant. The peasant clung to his property; whereupon the gendarme shot him down in cold blood. Immediately the other peasants in the market fell upon the gendarme with clubs and beat him to death. When other gendarmes came to his assistance they were driven off, and a general fight ensued in which three of the gendarmes and the village secretary were killed. Thereupon the Rumanian Government sent soldiers to restore order. During twelve days' fighting against five Bessarabian villages, some two thousand peasants in round numbers were killed, the five villages were wrecked by artillery fire, and Tatar-Bunar was burned to the ground. Eight hundred peasants were made prisoners, some of whom were shot and the others sent to prison.

The latter, four hundred and eighty-five in number, are now being tried by a court-martial at Kishenef, a town already famous in Europe's darker annals as the scene of a bloody pogrom in the days when it belonged to Tsarist Russia. The chairman of the court-martial is a colonel who has been charged in the Rumanian Parliament with having shot down with his own hands one hundred and twenty peasants imprisoned in the cellar of the public school at Nikolayev. The Government has forbidden foreign attorneys and journalists to attend the trial. On the ninth day of the proceedings more than one hundred witnesses for the defense were placed under arrest. In self-justification the Rumanian authorities insist that the whole trouble was instigated by Bolshevist emissaries and that the drastic measures adopted were necessary to prevent an

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even more extensive uprising. Bulgaria, Bessarabia, Galicia, — three regions from which other more or less well-authenticated incidents of a similar kind might be cited, — are evidently not places likely to attract the sensitive-minded Western tourist.

*

UNCLE SAM AND JOHN'S DOMINIONS

A South African correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says, apropos of the rumor that South Africa contemplates following Australia's example of raising a loan in New York, that American influence in all the Dominions has increased rapidly since the war. Our 'economic supremacy' is felt not only in questions of finance but also in the industrial sphere.

American methods of mass production, particularly of motor-cars and agricultural machinery, have given the United States a virtual monopoly in many important classes of goods, and the British article has been completely ousted. It is the old story one so often hears in these cases. The man who uses an American car and an American plough admits that he would prefer the products of Birmingham or Coventry, which are generally allowed to be better, but which are quite out of the reach of the ordinary man's purse. Moreover, the British manufacturers cannot, or will not, study the special conditions and needs of the Dominions' market, and in the motor trade alone the persistent refusal to turn out a light car with a high clearance has lost Great Britain a number of immensely valuable markets. The British manufacturer, too, pins his faith to a printed catalogue, while his American rival sends out a personal representative fully armed with samples, and in such a race there is little doubt who will prove the winner.

But our avuncular relationship with the younger offshoots of the parent stock is more comprehensive than even these would suggest. Enterprising young South Africans who have hitherto almost invariably gone to Oxford or Cambridge when they felt the need of completing their education outside their native land — or, in case of young Dutchmen, to the famous universities of Holland — are now making their pilgrimage in search of learning to our own shores: —

Political antipathy to England on the part of the enthusiastic young Nationalist students, who take their politics very seriously, is perhaps the chief cause. The feeling that America is a young country like their own, and will not despise them as Philistines, as they undoubtedly feel that English people do, creates a natural sympathy between the two countries, and has something to do with it. There is also a general impression among the young people of South Africa that Europe's, and particularly England's, day is done and that the world of the future belongs to America. The final but by no means the least important factor is the strictly practical consideration that the universities of America, if you happen to strike the right one, are far less exacting in the demands they make for qualifications for doctorates and degrees than are those outworn seats of learning on the Cam and the Isis.

When these thoroughly Americanized young doctors and professors, glowering through huge tortoise-shell glasses, return to their native land they seldom go into business, but for the most part seek bureaucratic or academic posts, or become journalists — that is, moulders of public opinion.

The present Government looks on them with the eye of favor, and it is highly significant that a majority of the members of the Board of Industries, which framed the new protective tariff under which Great Britain's preference is so much reduced, are young Dutch South-Africans trained in America. One way and another their influence is considerable and growing, and it is as yet too early to say whether it is to be for the ultimate good of the country that it should be so. The conservative elements in South

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Africa regard it with considerable suspicion, and England cannot but view this movement, in South Africa and the other Dominions, with profound uneasiness.

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MINOR NOTES

WE are under obligation to the *Japan Chronicle* for this anecdote of the Shanghai strike: 'A Shanghai cook who had no wish to obey the strike call found a way out. He told his "missie" about it on returning from market. His story was about as follows: "Strike man he say, 'S'pose master b'long French, all li'; s'pose b'long Melican, all li' — can workee. For English master no can workee. English b'long velly bad.' My talkee, 'My master no b'long English, he b'long Scotch.' Strike man talkee, 'All li'; can do.'" '

THE Irish Free State railways are unable to pay a dividend on their common stock this year, and are meeting the guaranteed dividend on their preferred stock by drawing against the Compensation Fund provided by the British Government for losses during the war. Huge wage-increases under the war régime, which it has proved impossible to reduce, popular demand for reduced passenger fares and freight charges, and the competition of auto-buses and trucks, are said to account for this situation.

MUSTAPHA HAROUN BEY writes in *Pester Lloyd* that the common opinion that the expulsion of Greeks and Armenians from Turkey has ruined business there is far from the truth. He quotes statistics to show that the tobacco crop in 1924 was twice as large as the previous year. The cotton crop reached its prewar figures. The raisin crop, which fell from over 60,000 tons to a minimum of 18,000 tons in 1920, reached 52,000 tons in round numbers last year. Statistics of the production of figs, olive oil, and other crops are equally favorable. We may assume that if these figures are right, whatever has happened to retail trade and high finance in Turkey, the peasant is still performing his task as usual.

CAILLAUX IN AMERICA

'America has also, *n' est-ce pas,* an unknown soldier's grave?'

'No, but soldiers' widows to pension.'

— *BerlingskeTidende,* Copenhagen

UNIVERSITY ENDOWMENTS IN THE NETHERLANDS

The Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom. — *Het Volk,* Amsterdam

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MONZA, MONZA, RAH! RAH! RAH![1]

BY AN EXUBERANT ITALIAN

[We publish below a typical account of a great sporting-event in Italy that monopolized the front page of the leading newspapers and was signalized chiefly by that country's victory over the United States.]

Italian victories in every field where risk is joined with endurance, skill, and physical perfection have become so common that they may no longer swell with pride the bosoms of our fellow countrymen. But anyone who does not appreciate the tremendous moral and material importance of these repeated triumphs is dull indeed. First of all, they testify to the qualities of our race. Only in Italy has the human physique attained a perfection that enables it to endure the incredible strain, the prolonged supreme effort, of piloting a car in a race where the slightest momentary misjudgment means death, where intense and increasing concentration of the highest order is demanded to the last moment of the contest. Beyond question, therefore, no other part of the world produces champions comparable physically with those of Italy. The three leaders in yesterday's race were Italians, and the fifth was an Italian contending for America.

Not only has the human machine reached this supreme point of perfection in our country as a result of a long process of natural selection, — for we are one of the oldest peoples of the earth, — but the instruments of victory are Italian. The automobile is the most complex and delicate product of the human brain. It is in a certain sense a perfect synthesis of progress. The hand and the intellect have allied themselves to create it. Motor-cars that can stand up under hours of driving at the highest conceivable speed embody wonders of workmanship and design that up to the present only the Italians have been able to create.

In the triumph at Monza the Alfa Romeo has won the world championship. Its only dangerous competitor was the Delage; but the French machine, which was beaten by our own at Spa, and won at Montlhéry only because the Alfa Romeo was withdrawn on account of the death of Ascari, did not compete at Monza, thereby confessing inferiority. A second Italian car, the Fiat, which has won many laurels in the past, did not enter the lists because its makers prefer to devote themselves this year to the quantity production of a national car for popular use. Without doubt, however, that Company also possesses engineers and mechanics capable of building a machine that would have proved a dangerous rival of the victor.

Each of these new demonstrations of our racial superiority naturally raises the question whether a people capable of winning such triumphs does not likewise possess, when compared with other nations, a superior capacity for governing itself by original and progressive methods, just as its champions and its mechanics excel in the

[1] From *La Tribuna* (Rome Pro-Fascist daily), *September* 8

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conquest of time and space; and whether, therefore, it has not a superior right, we do not say to world dominion, but at least to an international status second to that of no other country. The repetition of such triumphs is tantamount to a reaffirmation of political superiority, which will be recognized eventually both at home and abroad, and which should inspire the Italian people with new hope and faith.

The event really began about 2 A.M. on Corso Venezi, Milan's broad boulevard to Monza, with a long file of forehanded spectators willing to wait seven or eight hours if need be to see the race. This vanguard traveled in proletarian cars, if we may use the word, whose occupants hoped to park their machines in some free space and thus escape high fees. Later, just at dawn, more expensive cars, whose owners had already reserved space within the autodrome, as the yellow tickets on their wind-shields testified, began to pass in long procession. The rising sun saw also a whole world of trains, tramcars, and autobuses on the move. All kinds of conveyances, except those drawn by horses, joined the great pilgrimage. For the most placid and spiritless of the equine tribe could not have endured that nerve-racking, dizzy whirl of speeding mechanism. Men might do so, but the man of to-day is no longer a normal animal.

The great spectacle recalled the races for the Grand Prize of Europe of three years ago. At that time the centres of attraction were Bordini and Nazzaro. To-day they were Brilli Peri, Campari, De Paolo, and Milton. The two latter in particular absorbed the interest of the crowd, as everyone anticipated a speed duel between these two competitors, between two machines and two men, between the Alfa Romeo and the Duesenburg, between De Paolo and Milton — a contest between machines and between men. These champions were out for a fight to the finish. None of those back-door influences that the public often knows or intuitively suspects was operative here. De Paolo and Milton were eager to settle their score from America. One had taken the title of champion from the other. One represented the present, the other the past. We expected to see a race between whirlwinds.

At eight o'clock, two hours before the time set for the race, the autodrome, which had been open since seven, was packed, and a steady tide of machines and men still surged through the entrances. The organization was perfect. There were no blockades. Soldiers and carabinieri stood at every thirty paces to prevent a repetition of the disorder of previous years. Cars were not permitted to pass one another, nor were two cars allowed abreast. No one was permitted to turn from the straight course. Necessary precautions, for thirty thousand cars were present.

At precisely nine o'clock a great flock of pigeons was released — we do not know just why. But the cloud of white beating wings that rose with a fluttering echo against the morning sun afforded a pleasant interlude.

A moment later the royal march struck up, notifying the huge throng that the Crown Prince had arrived. Accompanied by a distinguished escort, he visited the box of the Alfa Romeo, where he conversed with the engineer in charge and the drivers, then the stand of the Bugatti, and last of all examined carefully the motor of the Duesenburg. After that the royal visitor ascended the timekeepers' platform. The contestants now took their place in line — first the Guyot driven

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by Guyot himself, then the Diatto with Maserati at the wheel, then the Bugatti with Constantini, and then in quick succession the other competitors. Each new arrival was applauded. Milton and Kreiss were given a warm welcome. Campari's appearance was hailed with even more enthusiasm.

Twenty-four markers — red for the Italians, blue and white for the Americans, blue for the French — indicated the places of the cars. The Alfa had drawn the *quadrifoglio*, or best position, on the right. The Duesenburg was perfectly white, as if it had just come out of a lime bath, except for its number in gigantic blue figures. Next to these colors, already familiar to the public, was the bright green of the Eldredge, an English car that arrived yesterday — a regular frog that looked calm, slothful, and indescribably irritating.

Campari descends from his seat, leaves his machine in its place, and advances in front of the tribune, where he renders the Crown Prince a military salute. The drivers mingle together and shake hands. Milton talks with Campari, Kreiss with De Paolo. What are they saying? *Buon viaggio?* It is certain that they are sizing each other up. De Paolo suddenly bursts into a roar of laughter that makes the nervous little fellow bend over to his knees and almost butt into Campari. But the Alfa Romeo ace is monumental, tall, square-shouldered, planted solidly on his legs like a tree. Photographers are busy. They have the privilege of the course and bustle around the drivers with 'Please,' 'Beg pardon,' or 'Do me the favor.' Kreiss brushes one aside brusquely, quite properly. There are few changes in the programme. Cars and drivers are to be the same as in last night's official programme, except that Ugo Foresti is to take one of the Bugattis instead of Masetti, who is still somewhat lame. De Paolo wears a yellow jacket, Milton a black tunic; the driver of the Bugatti is clad in green; and Campari and Brilli Peri are dressed in red, so that they look like crimson roses.

A wild burst of applause and all eyes turn toward the timekeepers' platform. Princess Yolanda and her husband have just appeared. The Prince steps to the edge of the platform and greets her with a kiss.

It is now a few minutes of ten, and the Prince and his companions take their seats to the right of the timekeeper. Motors are started, making a diabolical racket, so that people clap their hands over their ears. Marley, the timekeeper, signals the drivers to be ready. The Prince takes the blue-silk flag in his hands. Mercanti touches him on the shoulder. The flag is lowered; the race starts.

Campari darts forward as if his machine had made a leap. Guyot, who is in the first line, is immediately behind him. But Kreiss is still more wonderful. Though he was in the third line, he passes the tribune parallel with Guyot. The spectators are already wild with excitement. They howl, shout, and clap their hands. Almost before they have time to think, the cars are back again, Campari, who has completed the first lap in 3 minutes, 28.66 seconds, in the lead. The Alfa Romeo and the Duesenburg are evidently sizing each other up. It is a tense moment. At the end of the second lap Kreiss is in the lead, Campari second, De Paolo third, and Brilli Peri fourth, with Milton rapidly creeping up and the others trailing.

But Kreiss suddenly loses ground. Campari shoots ahead and the distance between him and the others seems enormous. Brilli Peri and Milton flash past, then De Paolo.

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What has happened? Is it possible that Kreiss has given up? Where is he? People are running. Campari drives on desperately. All the cars pass again, even the British frog, with Campari still in the lead. But something has happened yonder. A man steps up to the bulletin board and writes with a broad gesture. Everyone's eyes are glued upon him. Few writers have such attentive readers. 'Number 11 crippled.'

A murmur of regret. Injured? Dead? But no, the man at the bulletin board adds: *Senza male.*

An inelegant way of putting it, but the words lighten our hearts. The bulletin man writes on that Kreiss has skidded at the Lesmo curve, without injury and without serious damage to his car. He is not ready to give up yet, and is trying to repair his machine.

Two or three more laps, and Kreiss has not yet appeared. A wave of disappointment. The bold American, who had started out with such dash, seems to be out of the race. Ah, there he comes, strolling up alone to his stand, smiling, imperturbable, his cigarette dangling in his mouth. A crowd of mechanics and hangers-on at the box rush up to him. Some question him in French, others in English, others in Milanese. Kreiss tells them that the car is not badly damaged. It left the course at a curve, skidding around to the left. His clutch had tightened so that he could not shift his gears, and, forced to take the curve at full speed, his car had left the course, whirling around three times and coming to a halt with its radiator facing opposite his original direction. With the assistance of the spectators he had turned the machine around and he had tried to repair the shift. Failing in this, he had been forced to abandon his car at the edge of the course.

The withdrawal of Kreiss has decided the race, or at least robbed it of its chief interest. The public settles down placidly for whatever may happen. Campari spins along serenely. De Paolo is no longer taking chances. The crowd realizes instinctively that the real contest of giants, the tremendous struggle that Kreiss had started, is over.

Its intuition is just. The principal competing cars are no longer quite on equal terms. The Alfa Romeo has its full staff. The Duesenburg has only Milton left. The crowd begins to turn its attention to the Prince and the Princess on the tribune, while the correspondents cluster around d'Annunzio.

At the eighth lap, at 10.27, the Eldredge stops. Its driver tries in vain to start it again, but the motor refuses to budge and the green frog is out of the race. Soon the three first positions are all held by Alfa Romeos, driven by Campari, De Paolo, and Brilli Peri. De Paolo does not seem eager to force the pace, to live up to his dare-devil reputation. Instead he appears wary, as if he distrusted himself and his car. Is it merely courtesy to a fellow countryman that prevents his passing Campari?

At the twelfth lap, when directly in front of the tribune, Campari slows down and reaches out his hand. People think he is about to stop, but he resumes speed and his motor is soon running rhythmically again. So the race goes on, Campari always in the lead, followed by De Paolo and by Brilli Peri. The Alfa Romeo still holds the three leading places, notwithstanding the mad efforts of Milton, who still hangs back in fourth position. On the fourteenth lap Maserati withdraws his Diatto with a leaky gasoline tank. The first of the Alfa Romeo machines to stop is that of Brilli Peri on the thirty-second lap, when he changes his rear wheels. Campari

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performs the same operation shortly afterward. When his car starts again his substitute, Sossi, is at the wheel.

This too is a great disappointment. First the withdrawal of Kreiss, then that of Campari. Men speculate as to the reason. Some say that the injury Campari received at Montlhéry is still giving him trouble. This is officially confirmed later. But the car does not perform as well with its second driver. Sossi has to stop twice to change spark plugs and make other repairs, and when he resumes the second time has to go into third, because the first and second speeds no longer work. Cynics whisper that the real reason Campari turned over the wheel to him is because he saw that his car was giving out and preferred to put it into the hands of another.

A vague uneasiness seizes the spectators. Italy's fate is now in the hands of Brilli Peri and De Paolo, whom Milton is following with cool composure. Brilli Peri overruns the course on a curve and De Paolo passes him. Milton, thinking that his hour has come, puts on full speed and darts ahead like lightning. It is the only time his American sang-froid leaves him. At the thirty-first round the Duesenburg is in the lead. When this is first discovered the Italians refuse to believe it. Every binocular is pointed anxiously down the course. Voices rise in interrogation from the great throng.

Milton?

Milton?

It is no longer in doubt. The machine that swings around the curve into the straight course past the tribune is white, pure white, that of Milton. A low sigh rises from the crowd. Disappointment is never noisy.

At the thirty-first round the American has done 155.786 kilometres in half an hour, but the two Italians hang close on his heels. Brilli Peri, now in magnificent form, takes second place ahead of De Paolo, and the crowd discovers that he is not disposed to take the dust of the American. One round, two rounds, and the Florentine is in the lead.

'Bravo! Bravo!' thunders the crowd. But the danger is not yet over, and when a little later at the end of the fortieth lap Milton stops at the box a great sigh of satisfaction is audible. A few are unable to restrain themselves, and clap their hands, but are speedily called to order by a hiss. Milton takes oil and gasoline and changes his four wheels, losing four minutes. But he loses several more two laps later, when an oil tube breaks — a delay that puts him in fourth place and deprives him of all hope of winning.

So a Jonah has already taken three great aces from the race — Campari, Kreiss, and Milton, the three bitterest fighters of them all. And now the only question is which of the three Italian pilots will win — Brilli Peri, De Paolo, or Sossi. They remain in that order for about an hour, while Brilli Peri continues to gain ground steadily. Milton's Jonah still dogs him. Already handicapped, he loses still more time. First his gear shift refuses to function; next a muffler breaks. So he falls back to fifth, and finally to sixth, place.

It is now the hour for dog-day picnics, for popping corks, for mid-afternoon siestas under the spreading oaks. Many of the crowd, who were up virtually all the night before, have stretched out on the neighboring turf and are sound asleep. Ladies are not so much in evidence as formerly, in spite of the record attendance; and the few present have not exerted themselves to make it a dress occasion. The band plays constantly, its pieces punctuated by the roaring motors flashing past at the end of every lap.

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Brilli Peri and De Paolo alternate in first place.

At the end of the forty-seventh circuit Brilli Peri is a lap and a third ahead of De Paolo, and would have increased his lead had he not been forced to stop twice to replace wheels with deflated tires. At the end of the fifty-seventh lap Campari again takes the wheel of his machine, whereupon interest revives once more. De Paolo falls steadily behind on account of a balky car, and Campari passes him on the seventy-second round. The eightieth and final lap is now approaching, and Brilli Peri still leads. Nor does he relinquish his advantage to the end. He has run five hours, fourteen minutes, and 3.33 seconds at an average speed of 152.596 kilometres an hour.

The moment his car stops before the tribune he is fairly mobbed by his admirers. The presiding officer presents him to the Crown Prince with these words: 'I have the honor to introduce to Your Highness Brilli Peri, the champion of Italy, who by his triumph over his distinguished American rivals has won for Italy the automobile championship of the world.'

SONG

BY M. C. L.

[*English Review*]

Oh, Life's a very frail thing,
And very swift to pass;
And Love is but a pale thing,
And breakable as glass.
But dreams are very long things
That live when life is past;
And visions very strong things
That conquer love at last.

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IN THE REALM OF CHANG TSO-LIN[1]

BY G. HULDSCHINER

[THE author is a German engineer, writing from Manchuria last August.]

To whom does this country belong? It is part of China. But the Central Government at Peking exercises no jurisdiction here. The ruler is Marshal Chang Tso-lin, nominally Military Governor of the three northern provinces, the only man in China who has at his command a considerable amount of money and munitions plus an organized army.

But Chang Tso-lin is running in harness and another driver sits on the seat. The confusing fact is that the driver wears a magic cap that renders him invisible, and he drives his steed with invisible reins. But the cap itself is visible enough. It seems to hover unsupported in the air. And it bears the letters 'S. M. R.'

S. M. R.! The 'South Manchurian Railway' is the real ruler of the country between Antung, Changchun, and Dairen, of this great empire with its unmeasured wealth of coal and iron. S. M. R., which is likewise a synonym for the Japanese Government, took possession of this country after the Russians were expelled, colonized it, settled it, developed it, exploited it. It has sown and reaped; it has conjured cities and factories out of the earth; it has guided the plough and wielded the axe; it has burrowed into the bowels of the mountains; it has sown modern engineering science broadcast over the wilderness; and it has done all this within a short twenty years. S. M. R. is the 'Kannitverstan' of the popular tale, to whom everything belongs — the railway, of course, the mines, the factories, the hotels, the automobiles — all valuable property, whether movable or immovable, that serves or is likely to serve in the future to ensure its complete control of this part of Asia.

But Manchuria is an uncertain land, and the invisible coachman must reckon on the possibility that a magic bullet, fired by some Chinaman, may topple him from his seat. So he has bodyguards. Japanese soldiers are as busy and numerous as ants. Although in Japan they are kept as much as possible out of sight, here they throng the streets and railway stations; they accompany every train. In fact, their universal presence is most reassuring, for there is no lack of lawless men in this country.

Side by side with the Japanese is another army, that of Chang Tso-lin. It is an imposing, well-equipped, and apparently well-disciplined force. Last year its commander defeated his principal Chinese rival; and if the situation in Peking gets bad enough, we may see this former condottiere transplant himself and his khaki followers from the old Manchurian homeland to the fat fields of the South.

These soldiers with five-colored stars on their jockey caps are well uniformed and have been well drilled by their White Russian officers. A great arsenal containing the very latest machinery is constantly busy turning out arms and munitions under the direction of ten

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *August 25*

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German engineers. Chang Tso-lin has brought aviators and airplanes from France. The former speed about Mukden at a mad pace in their motor-cars and twirl their black moustaches with as much self-conscious satisfaction as in Paris itself. A discharged English major is manufacturing for the Chinese commander a new type of mine-thrower which he has himself invented — a service that his chief has rewarded with a decoration.

Chang Tso-lin seldom shows himself to his beloved subjects. Three hours before he is to appear in public the streets are cleared, and then he rides down them in an armored automobile. Perhaps these precautions are fully justified. Many people in Mukden do not love him — for example, three thousand ricksha coolies whom he coralled into his arsenal grounds last year before marching against Wu Pei-fu, under the pretext of issuing them new licenses, and thereupon informed that they were now soldiers and defenders of the fatherland. An hour later the poor devils were herded into trains headed for Shanhaikwan.

Mukden consists of the Chinese City, New Mukden, and S. M. R. Town. New Mukden lies between the other two, and contains the foreign consulates and a few commercial houses. It is still in the early stages of development, and hardly important enough to deserve mention. Most of its area consists of vacant building-sites, looking very much as they do at home, and forming a sort of buffer between the contrasting towns at either end.

The Chinese City is encircled by a dilapidated mud wall only a few feet high, the value of which for defense or ornament, either now or in its better days, is problematical. But the inner town is enclosed by a square stone wall several feet thick and topped with tiles. It has narrow gates, above which rise watchtowers with pagoda roofs. This wall is also falling into ruin, but still remains an imposing structure capable of resisting an attack unsupported by artillery. Within stands the old Imperial Palace, which now serves as the residence of the Marshal and naturally is not open to visitors, a couple of absurdly overornamented and unattractive temples, four lama towers, — fat, squashlike structures adorned with crude sculptures, — and a pair of crescent-crowned towers reminiscent of Mohammedan influence, which is not uncommon here. This is all; and none of these things is beautiful, except possibly the Imperial Palace.

The rest of the Chinese City is a confused jumble of low gray brick buildings tricked out with glaring colors and crazy convolute stucco ornaments, and of dilapidated mud huts. Chang Tso-lin is broadening two of the principal streets. That is a very simple operation. The occupants of the houses to be torn down are merely notified to get out inside three hours. It is their business to find a place to go to. Thereupon the wreckers start to work. The kindly Marshal, however, permits the ejected families to build new homes at their own expense on any unoccupied building-plot they can find.

Clouds of whirling, malodorous dust hover over the crowded streets. A flood of blue-clad Chinamen flows past, suggesting an endless river on the bosom of which great globular straw hats are floating. Rickshas and droshkies, the latter a survival of Russian times, push their way through the mass of pedestrians. Craftsmen sit plying their trades by the side of the street and join beggars, coolies, lepers, and soldiers in adding to the shrill, screeching, vocal din.

Everybody plods about ankle-deep in dust. Passing vehicles contain gentlemen of the better class in aristocratic

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costumes — short, bright-blue satin trousers over which falls a somewhat darker laced coat, pigeon-gray stockings, black, slightly curved satin slippers, a short jacket of black satin, and a black skullcap with a tassel. Or else they bear abroad, on business or pleasure bent, elderly Manchu ladies whose scanty hair is combed high in a crown-shaped headdress adorned with artificial flowers and who generally are smoking pipes that are nearly a yard long and that can be lighted only by holding the arm at full length. They sit cross-legged like wooden Buddhas. Many of the men still wear queues and have shaven heads, and I see several women with bound feet, although that custom is not native to Manchuria.

On the border of the town lie the cemeteries. The graves are irregular, unkempt mounds without headstones or other marking. Often they are gullied and caved in, exposing rotten coffins from which one instinctively averts his eyes. Everything is untidy and neglected, showing evidence of the fatalistic unconcern that separates this people, as by the diameter of a moral world, from the pedantic, ceremonious, neat, systematic Japanese.

We note that difference even more when we come to S. M. R. City. Starting at the railway station, streets as straight as a ruler radiate for kilometres in all directions, each paved with asphalt, each broad and roomy, each bordered by trees and flanked by painfully clean two-storied brick houses. Everything is tidy, germ-free, brightly painted, and spic-span new. I am reminded of industrial towns in the northwestern part of the United States, say in the neighborhood of Butte and Anaconda; but S. M. R. Town is even tidier and more precisely aligned and right-angled. Imagine an architect's plan of a model garden-city conceived by some philanthropic factory-owner, drawn life-size, painted in colors, and seen through a stereoscope. Every detail is exactly where it was designed to be, just as a careful architect might draw it: the houses, the symmetrically trimmed trees, the drainage, the taller buildings on the corners, the circle where several converging streets meet, with a monument precisely in the centre, the park benches — yes, even the street-sweepers, policemen, and other municipal employees. It does not look like a town that anyone has built, but like a place that had suddenly appeared when S. M. R. pressed a button. Here are the railway offices, the headquarters of Japanese and other foreign mercantile houses, commercial agencies, and retail shops. The place is the mechanized new Orient perfectly incarnated.

Russia's occupation has left many evidences behind it. Several business signs are in that language. The war — and especially the Revolution — has driven a new wave of shipwrecked men across the borders of Siberia to be stranded on this unfriendly shore. Crowds of beggars in ragged Russian uniforms beset the visitor. Lucky the man who gets a job as a droshky driver or as a driver for the bus-line that runs from the railway station to the Chinese City. The managers of that line are former White Russian officers. A gentleman who once owned a large estate in the Baltic country now rents a small restaurant, a sort of dance-hall, where he personally leads the orchestra on a fine old violin. I noticed, among the crowd of ragged, dirty, half-naked Chinese children that hover from morning until night around the entrance of the hotel to beg, a wonderfully beautiful little Russian girl, perhaps ten years old, with brilliant, bright-blue eyes. Russians work in the mines; they are to be seen among the ricksha coolies, and he who can earn enough to keep body and soul together considers him-

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self happy. But there are many who cannot do even this and whose fate is hopeless.

I met in Mukden a fellow-German engineer connected with the firm I represent, who had built an electric railway for the Chinese municipality. I accompanied him to the authorities with whom he dealt. The city building was crowded with officials, all of whom were ostentatiously busy. The municipal engineers, Mr. Chun and Mr. Chen, had studied in Japan, and of course were past experts at their profession. They received me with unctuous kindness and invited me to a Chinese dinner. It was not a real Chinese dinner with blue-mouldy eggs and other special delicacies, but a really excellent meal. To be sure, a delicious meat-course may possibly have been puppy, but why worry about that? Nutshells, fishbones, and other unpleasant things were spat out upon the floor, where they probably are lying still if they have not been accidentally removed. The latter is hardly likely, for those left by our predecessors had not been disturbed for what was obviously a considerable period.

Mr. Chun and Mr. Chen wore long pointed nails on their little fingers to show that they were aristocratic gentlemen and did no manual labor. They were large, well-nourished men, and, like their fellow racials, much handsomer in form and features than the Japanese. Their complexions were somewhat dark, but their faces were not dissimilar from those of Occidentals. They wore white woolen mittens in midsummer as an evidence of their social standing. Their rickshas had four great acetylene lamps and a deep-toned automobile horn, so that in darkness they looked like forty-horsepower motor-cars. These and other things were a concession to what the Japanese call *haikara*, — a corruption of 'high collar,' — which means Occidental, modern, and uncommonly aristocratic.

Mukden lies in the middle of the Manchurian mining-district. A two or three hours' trip in the morning brings one to the Penhsihu mines, the Anshan iron mines, or the Fushun coal-fields. So one can visit them conveniently and return by evening to the Yamato Hotel at Mukden, with its comfortable wicker lobby-chairs.

Anshan has iron ore, coke ovens, and benzol and ammonia works. But it is less important than Fushun, which is one of the most impressive exhibitions of S. M. R. enterprise and efficiency. The mines at the latter place produce daily some twenty thousand tons of coal, partly from pits, and partly from open workings which are more than a mile long and half a mile broad. The coal-seam lies immediately under the surface soil and is nearly five hundred feet thick. About a third is uncovered at present. The great excavation, where hundreds of men were toiling and little trains were shunting back and forth, yawns like a chasm at the spectator's feet. Miners were at work with picks and cutters and dynamite on eight encircling terraces consisting of solid coal, breaking it down and shoveling it into handcarts that carry it to a loading-bin at the centre of the great excavation, whence it is raised to the rim by an endless-rope carrier. There it is emptied directly into the coal-trains that carry it to market. Benzol and heavy oils are distilled from part of the coal in neighboring works and low-temperature gases are produced which are used to make steam in a central electric station generating fifteen thousand horsepower. Another electric station of the same size uses as fuel pulverized coal-dust, which is produced from the unmarketable culm. The latest chemical processes are employed, and nothing is wasted.

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Twenty thousand men are employed in the mines and works of this single establishment. Most of them are Chinese, but some are Japanese and Russians. The technical force is exclusively Japanese, and more and more of the machinery comes from Japan. The latter is not always satisfactory, but it runs, and, with model machines from Europe and America to copy, the Japanese makes are steadily improving.

Nevertheless, many of the arrangements are still extremely primitive. Most of the material is moved in handcars. Electric mine-locomotives have scarcely appeared. So long as a Chinese coolie will work ten or twelve hours a day for the equivalent of fifteen cents in American currency, he is cheaper than modern machinery.

The Company's administration buildings stand on broad, tidy, tree-shaded avenues of the same pattern as those in S. M. R. City at Mukden. An attractive, comfortable Company hotel provides accommodations for foreign visitors and for the firm's engineers. Its sumptuous meals are almost equal to those upon a luxurious ocean liner.

As a brief respite from the omnipresent S. M. R., I visited the Penhsihu mines, which are owned in equal shares by a Japanese firm and by Chang Tso-lin. But they were equipped in the same style as the others. They lie at the foot of steep, treeless hills, which were fought over bitterly in the war between Japan and Russia. The valley is crowded with shaft houses, coke ovens, and power stations, and is raucous with the rumble and clatter of modern machinery. This enterprise employs six thousand Chinese coolies. I went over the property with a Japanese engineer and expressed a wish to go down a shaft.

'Certainly, certainly, it will be a pleasure. Only — perhaps — it would be uncomfortable.'

'Oh, that 's nothing!'

'But — er — my dear sir, you would have to change your clothes.'

'Of course, I should expect to.'

My companion assented, but I knew the East well enough to realize that I should never visit that shaft. And I was right. Just as we were about to go down, we received a notice that a gas-pocket had been struck below. When your Oriental does not want to do a thing he does n't do it, though you can't imagine whence his reluctance springs.

But I was shown everything else with the greatest readiness, including a factory for making oil-shale briquettes, where most of the employees were children. They were pitiful, miserable little creatures, working so hard in the infernal heat that even the apparition of an *O-ji* — 'an Honorable Mr. Foreign Devil' — did not distract them from their tasks.

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DAYTON ON THE BOULEVARDS. II [1]

BY ABEL HERMANT

JAMES P. STOCKWELL to Miss Winnie S——, Dayton, Tennessee: —

PARIS, *August* 25

DEAR WINNIE, —

You have written me that you hope to visit Paris yourself before long, certainly before the Exposition of Decorative Arts closes. Since I have already become somewhat familiar with things over here, I am happy to share with you the benefits of my experience. Let me first of all caution you against making the mistake when you come over of being oversensitive and self-conscious, for it will detract from the pleasure of your first days in this country.

Even in our own country our experienced business men, and people conscious of good breeding, are sometimes ill at ease in the company of cultivated strangers. For some inexplicable reason they keep blushing, although they are not so prone to do this as the English. But it does happen, even to our ladies.

Such embarrassment, or, better said, amiable timidity, is quite uncalled for at the present time, as I shall explain to you directly. It springs from two causes that are quite distinct but can be summarized in a single sentence. We persuade ourselves that we are of course strangers in a strange land. First of all, we fear that we shall not meet in public or elsewhere anyone precisely like ourselves; that we shall be lost, submerged in a crowd of people entirely different from us, with whom we have no affinity whatsoever.

Therefore we fear that if we act naturally we may say the wrong thing; that we may commit some social blunder; that we shall look ridiculous to the people who are watching us. So we do not know how to behave. Our fear of making mistakes becomes a torment. It is useless to pretend that we are merely a little excited by a new situation. We are really in a panic. And it is so absurd to be so.

In the first place, it is the Parisians, not we, who are submerged. To do them justice, they have effaced themselves so gracefully, with such courteous consideration, that it is hard to say whether any of them are left or not. So now we Americans are wholly among our own people in Paris. There is not a town in the Union, no matter how small, that has not its proportional representation here. I met face to face, the very day I landed, another man from Dayton. Will you believe it?

He and I were not previous acquaintances, but we became so after exchanging three sentences. First we said in chorus, 'Hello!' Then we told each other our names. His is Sam Lewis. After that he asked me how I was. I did n't answer him, but I asked him how he was. And he did n't answer me.

As his business brings him here regularly, he knows Paris better than I do. The first time we dined together he advised me *de ne pas m 'en faire*, as they say in Paris. I pass this advice on to you for your benefit, as I hope, if you come over the pond as soon as you plan.

[1] From *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical-Party daily), *August* 13

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While we were dining together one evening, Sam, without interrupting either his eating or the smoking of his cigarette, said to me: 'It's too bad you never visited Europe before the war, only twelve years ago. You would find a lot of changes now which we Americans can take credit for. What has happened to the Parisians is just what happened to the Indians at home. They have simply faded away as if by magic at mere contact with our superior civilization. We have practically extinguished the Parisian race. It 's a case of the survival of the fittest. But don't imagine that I 'm a Darwinian. God forbid!'

I assured him that such an idea had never occurred to me, coming as his remark did from a citizen of Dayton, and addressed to another citizen of Dayton.

He resumed: 'The disappearance of the aboriginal Parisian is a great convenience for us transatlantic travelers. My dear fellow, I vividly recall the time when, although I speak French fluently, I hesitated to address a native over here, because I could n't tell whether the fellow was serious or joking. But now Parisians have become so scarce, you meet them so seldom, that it 's not worth bothering about whether they 're joking or not. No one pays any attention to them anyway, so they keep silent, for they don't fancy effort for effort's sake. Besides that, the people here used to have their own odd ideas of what was proper and fitting and agreeable, — sort of a Chinese code of etiquette, you know, — which the traveler was expected to observe. If he did n't, they were apt to cut him. Now, thank God, that 's over.'

'Is it?' I asked.

'It is,' answered Sam in a tone of finality.

I breathed more freely. He continued: 'Our American code of etiquette now reigns on both sides the ocean, as it ought to, since we are the majority even over on this side. We don't have to copy Parisian ways any longer. It is up to them to copy us the best they can. Just look over there now. See that native couple?'

'Where? I don't see a single Parisian in the room.'

He pointed out a table so exactly that I could not mistake it, but I confessed that I should never have taken the people there for Parisians. 'If you had asked me,' I said, 'where they came from, I should have said without hesitation that they spent their life, except when on their holidays, somewhere in our Far West.'

'They're old-stock Parisians, all right,' Sam said, with a tone of authority. 'They're trying to copy our manners. But they give themselves away by their awkwardness and by overdoing it. You assume, as I do, that a society lady dining with her husband ought to act as out of place as if she were dining with her chauffeur. The husband over there does look a little like a chauffeur, but he's wearing a dinner jacket instead of a soft-collared shirt with no vest, as he should be. Both are smoking, but you know they are doing it because they feel compelled to, that to mix the smell of tobacco with the fragrance of well-cooked food really disgusts them. Last of all, I detect survivals of their old code of etiquette. They try, for instance, to avoid puffing their cigarette smoke into the faces of their neighbors.'

I complimented Sam Lewis on his keen psychological insight. He seemed flattered.

'Parisians are always making just such blunders; so you can always pick them out. The other night when I was leaving the Exposition an impulse of curiosity made me walk down a long line of automobiles parked between the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais. Will

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you believe it, every one was empty! At home every one would have had a young couple flirting in it. But I must confess the Parisians are making progress even in this respect.

'But what makes me most hopeful for France,' said Sam in conclusion, 'is that even Nature seems to be putting herself out to get up big shows over here, like those we have in America. The papers have been telling of great tidal waves. The bottom of the Gulf of Gascony has suddenly risen nearly twelve thousand feet. Then they had a tornado the other Sunday at Rueil only a little way out of the city. If they get into a habit of having tornadoes at Rueil, France will be completely Americanized. She will sure be a great country then.'

MR. BABBITT IN PARIS[1]

BY ANN TIZIA LEITICH

'WHAT 's the number of your room?' The words are spoken in a distinct, unaccented, drawling, nasal, unmistakably American voice. They echo through the hotel lobby, colliding against the impalpable but ever-present atmosphere of Paris breeding — against that *je ne sais quoi* that Americans vainly try to purchase at any price. The hotel itself already belongs to them. They practically monopolize it. They have made themselves completely at home there. In a real Parisian hostelry they would be more subdued, less boisterously self-confident; they would not shout at each other across the whole width of the lobby. For your American respects Paris at the bottom of his heart.

Yes, the Grand Hotel at Paris has become the Yankee's native heath. Here he finds everything systematized and organized as it would be at home; he has his private baths and his palm garden; here his barber shop, money-changer, manicure parlor, news stand, flower shop, and theatre agency are handily crowded together within two steps of each other. Here he rushes across the rugs and carpets — whether it be on Mercury's wings, or Cupid's strings, or Circe's trail — looking neither to the right nor to the left, wasting no time, hurrying headlong to his goal. He carries no walking-stick; he bursts open doors with the eagerness of a schoolboy rushing out to recess.

Indeed, the hotel's swinging street-doors incessantly open and close, like the lips of an endless talker. At the side entrance tower mountains of the black, solid, iron-bound trunks with which Americans love to circle the globe. In the dining-room guests are served with a smooth, mechanical, but impersonal promptness that would make the head waiter at Paillard's or Henri's shudder with disgust. The easy, loitering attendance of your true native caravansary, which still lingers in many a large establishment at Paris, has utterly vanished here.

None the less, this is Paris, not New York, Chicago, or 'Frisco.' There is a difference. Luckily even here the Old World still shines warmly through the

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *August* 30

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enamel polish of the New. The elevator is a tiny contrivance that you cannot enter until its attentive mameluke has got out and opened a baroque spiral gate. He does not perform this service in the snappy, impersonal way of an American elevator-boy, but adorns his commonplace labor with the grandezza of a serenissimus. Upstairs the rooms have broad, tall French windows of dimensions such as no American architect would dream of, which open upon balconies from which one can look down into the waving tops of two long rows of plane trees, and beyond on the other side into half-closed shop-windows that drowse in a sort of green and brownish haze.

But the leaves know nothing of this repose. They fan away in the morning breeze like coquettish little ladies, and fall into the rhythm of the rattling, tooting street-traffic below, where a multicolored, polyglot stream of humanity compounded of all the races of the globe flows endlessly on. *Les grands boulevards!* Glorious, broad avenues where the patina of venerable tradition, the sculpturings of ancient culture, intermingle with the brutal, boisterous vigor of a new iconoclastic century — avenues intensely alive with noise and motion, and yet how different from Broadway's power-drunken can-can or State Street's metallic roar.

In the middle of the avenue waiting taxicabs stand in long rows. The Americans have learned to know their drivers as impudent fellows ready to resort to any device to extort an outrageous tip. A dozen steps away is the Place de l'Opéra. What is the American's opinion of that — he, an expert in traffic regulation? He stares overwhelmed — so far as an American can be overwhelmed — by its disorderly confusion, which he would dismiss with the curt exclamation, 'Bedlam!' if this were not Paris. But he quickly learns to do as others do, shrinks to the smallest possible dimensions in a narrow crack between rushing vehicles, dodges agilely for his life, and forgets that in New York they would think a man who took such risks either a fool or a would-be suicide. In a day or two he assumes as a matter of course that every automobile-driver may go where he pleases and as fast as he pleases, that he may crowd past or against neighboring vehicles, that he may indulge in an orgy of joyful anarchy anywhere upon the streets. In New York, where motor-cars are far, far more numerous, everything moves according to rigid laws; columns of vehicles halt like soldiers to allow cross traffic to pass, and the white-gloved hand of the Irish policeman rules with a rod of iron.

In fact, this visiting American quickly finds it most agreeable to be in a city where a person can loaf pleasantly at every hour of the day and in the very midst of its surging life; a city where a man can sit at a ridiculous little table in front of a café and watch the human show go by, while he sips an *apéritif* or dawdles over an ice, consumed not for its own sake but merely as a means to an end — as a pretext for doing nothing.

Of sixteen cinemas, eleven show American films. It is thus that the New World is conquering the suburbs. But the Paris of the tourist likewise does her best to please her most profitable patron, the Yankees. She forgets her native tongue and learns English. She hangs the signs of American firms in front of the elegant façades along the Avenue de l'Opéra, the rue de Rivoli, and the rue de la Paix. Delmonico's familiar name beckons to the New Yorker, who last winter saw the real Delmonico's old aristocratic furniture, endeared to three generations of American patricians, sold under the hammer. At

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Lanvin's and Worth's, at Sloim's and Paquin's, where American ladies convert the abundant dollars of their husbands into flattering gowns, the salesladies with the pageboy's frisure exclaim, *'Ah, c'est très flatteur!'* But immediately they repeat in English, 'It looks stunning on you!' They do this with the faint, weary, gracious smile characteristic of Parisian women who spend the daytime of their whole lives serving the glitter and elegance of wealthy sojourners in their cosmopolis, but return each night to the humble and frugal life of the faubourgs.

The Americans themselves flock evenings to Montmartre, where before Broadway became the Great White Way the lights used to shine brighter and later than anywhere else in the world. The interior of the old mill, — *Moulin Rouge*, — true to its name, is decorated a Satanic red. Here the citizens of the country of the Clean Book League, of Prohibition, and of the Dayton trial sit and listen to witticisms they do not understand and let the goose flesh creep over them. They make an honest effort to appreciate allusions that, in spite of their directness, thanks to Gallic wit and Parisian *cachet* never descend to coarseness. But they do not comprehend. For though Americans understand to-day perhaps better than any other nation the refinements of material luxury, they are still too young a people to catch the more delicate subtleties of the intellect and the emotions.

Yet that is precisely why Paris attracts the American as flame attracts a moth. But he does not fall into the flame. He flies too surely for that. It also explains why he can never understand Lutetia's innermost soul, her bloom, her perfume, her dainty *haût-gout*. For him she is a museum, an art gallery, Paquin and Cartier, the Café Pigalle and Montmartre. She is a plaything of a moment, a brief 'escape from America,' from which he does not really wish to escape — nor can he if he will. Nor does he really wake up until familiar America invades Montmartre also, and the Hoffmann Girls, a Broadway troupe, come on. Then he is all interest — 'They are the whole show.' In fact, Paris has already begun to Anglicize vaudeville into music hall.

Afterward your American goes to the Bois, to one of the countless restaurants that beckon coquettishly in white flowers and lights among the trees; or if he wishes to spend more lavishly, to Château Madrid. But here too he meets his own America everywhere. Of course, there is dancing, — with the accent on the second syllable, — while black-coated waiters mysteriously prepare over a spirit lamp with traditional rites ordinary food that does not taste ordinary, and the band plays 'Marchéta' and 'What 'll I Do?' or any other latest hit from New York.

In spite of the summer air it is chilly, but the ladies are bare-shouldered in their glistening evening gowns. Expensive jewelry sparkles on slender, indolent fingers, or dangles idly from bare ears under the smooth page's frisure. These American ladies are young, vivacious, pretty, and almost recklessly dressed. One couple are quite new. They have come in hats and street gowns, and rather spoil the picture even though they do not dance.

The fragrance of wine, the sparkle of gems, soothing music, ancient chestnuts of the Bois looming in a dark circle outside, lights from the orchestra platform shooting shafts of mild luminance through the green foliage, and over all and endlessly remote — the stars.

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A STAGECOACH IN BRAZIL[1]

BY COLIN ROSS

EIGHT mules were harnessed to the diligence — one on either side of the tongue, and the others three abreast in front. The vehicle itself was a light open wagon with a sunshade. The seats were planks without backs, except the place beside the driver, which I preëmpted, and which had a support behind.

We made a delayed start with only a few passengers. The driver cursed roundly, in both German and Portuguese, over his lack of business. In fact, our twelve places were occupied by only six fares — an old couple from São Leopoldo on their way to Guarany to visit children who had taken up farms in that vicinity; two young farmers looking for land; a shoe-drummer from Porto Alegre; and myself.

Caramba, three women were going along,' grumbled the driver, 'when a crazy blowhard scared them off. He told them they could go better with the automobile. He's a young fellow who considers himself too good to travel in my stage and who keeps other folks from patronizing me. I don't care, though; I can get my own fares. A young greenhorn like him trying to keep honest men from earning their living! Besides, the automobile won't go to-day anyway.'

He made a furious cut at his mules with the whip, and they bolted down the steep hill at a wild gallop. Our route lay across broken country that had originally been heavily forested. But most of the land along the first part of the way had been cleared, so that only isolated patches of woods were left in the open fields. It was like a German landscape.

We were on the main road from San Angelo, the last railway-station, to the newer country that is just being surveyed for settlement on the Uruguay River. From there it continues across the Argentine province of Misiones to Posadas on the frontier of Paraguay. As there are no railways here, and the Uruguay is only navigable for canoes that can run the rapids, the land is still largely covered with virgin forest, and the Government is only just beginning to survey its remoter sections. But the soil is good, and the young settlements are prospering despite their lack of transportation. Guarany and Cerro Azul, the two older centres, are already thriving townships where all the land has been taken up, and even in Santa Rosa, the third township to be surveyed, the demand for land is so great that everything will soon be preempted. But surveying parties are steadily pushing ahead into the wilderness, laying out other townships farther on.

The two young farmers were in a hurry to reach Santa Rosa, to look at certain lands there, and wanted our driver to go straight through to that point.

'Impossible. It would be midnight before we got there.' Then he bethought himself. 'I 'll try it, but you 'll have to stand treats at the *vende*.'

A vende is a roadside store and saloon, such as one finds along the high-

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *August* 15

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ways in all the settlements, which sells beer and spirits, and buys produce from the farmers. Vende-owners in Brazil are said to make quick and easy money. They do not need much capital to start with. A pine shanty and a stock of goods bought on credit are enough to set them up in business.

A big vende sells everything — kettles, dress goods, dinner sets, all the supplies needed by a frontier household. But the establishment at which we halted a little later hardly belonged to this class. Besides whiskey, of which there seemed to be plenty, the only visible stock consisted of a few belts and saddle-girths hanging from a leaky roof. One of the land-seekers, who were in such a hurry, stood the first round of drinks.

When we returned to the diligence it was already infernally hot. But the driver pushed his mules unmercifully until we reached the next vende. When the pine shanty appeared under a cluster of trees, he half-turned his head and asked: 'Well, now, who stands the next round?'

At this vende we found a Dutchman, a friend of the driver's, who embraced us all with touching tenderness. He was a most remarkable creature, — barefooted and clothed only in a tattered shirt and trousers, — but he immediately gave an order for a round of drinks.

'It 's a grand thing, gentlemen, that you have come along just now. They 've just let me out, the swine!'

He had finished a term of nine months in prison for criminal assault. 'No, you are n't such fools as to suppose there was anything to it. I was just a little drunk, you know.'

The proprietor, who was a Brazilian as black as an Ethiopian, poured out a round of drinks. A knife a yard long hung at his side. The men shot the whiskies down their throats with a jerk. Only the old lady remained in the diligence. The mules grazed leisurely by the wayside. Apparently the driver was in no hurry.

'What have you got there?' he asked the Dutchman, who had pulled something resembling a hand grenade out of his pocket.

'I 'll blow the Kaiser to pieces with that.'

'What 's he done to you?'

'The ——, what business has he coming to Holland and —'

Just then I attracted his attention. 'You can photograph? Fine, old boy! We 'll go through the settlements and photograph people. We 'll take in payment whatever they have — hogs, lard, corn. That will be paying business!'

The tipsy fellow could not understand why, after all these inducements, I insisted upon resuming my seat in the stage instead of remaining with him.

Luckily for us, there was no other vende along the road for a considerable distance, but the horses were getting tired and so we stopped to rest them at noon under a clump of trees by the edge of a larger stretch of forest. The driver was no longer anxious to push on. He proposed to the shoe-drummer a match at pistol-shooting. Thereupon that gentleman pulled out a brand-new Smith and Wesson, which he seemed anxious to display for our admiration, and started to demonstrate his skill. The others promptly followed suit. Some carried remarkable old shooting-irons, more like museum specimens than modern weapons; but every man in the party, like everyone else in this part of Brazil, was armed. I was the only exception, for I had packed my gun away in my valise, having had no occasion to use it hitherto upon my journey. Nor did I unpack it again until I was in Parana. There I saw a

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shooting-affray where my emergency kit was not large enough to provide bandages for even the least injured of the wounded, one of whom had seven holes in his body.

Finally we jogged on. The forest became thicker. Now and then we passed a little clearing containing a cornfield half smothered in weeds.

'Next time I 'll bring an axe with me and look around here,' said one of the land-buyers.

'It's time to have another drink,' declared the driver, turning around. 'We 'll never get to Santa Rosa otherwise. Has n't somebody got a flask on his hip?'

One of the farmers grinned knowingly and drew a big canteen of rum out from under his coat. The glass went around. Even the old lady drank as stoutly as the rest of us. It was fearfully hot, and the rum burned like fire in my throat.

A wagon met us. A man dressed like a farmer, but with the face of a priest, sat on the seat. Our driver whispered, pointing with his whip, 'The priest at Cerro Azul.' Then we took another drink all around, after which the driver proceeded to relate several scandalous stories of the priests in this neighborhood. Thereupon he winked his eye and said, 'Another drink!'

The flask was now empty until we could reach the next vende. There it was filled again. After that things began to move. The driver beat his mules furiously. The stage bumped and rattled over the rough road as if it would overturn. I sat ready to seize the reins in case of an emergency. The shoe-drummer shot the six cartridges of his Smith and Wesson through the roof of the diligence. The old lady screamed and prayed.

'I 'll get to Santa Rosa, *caramba!* Get along with you!' The long whip whizzed and crackled in the air and the stage tipped and bumped behind the panic-stricken animals. In spite of that, it was late at night before we reached even Guarany. I stopped the team in front of the hotel just as the driver fell over backward, quite helpless. We had to leave him lying there. When I tried to pay my fare he hiccoughed protestingly, 'You — you 're my friend, and I w-w-won't t-t-take anything from you,' until I was forced to thrust the money into his coat-pocket.

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THE DEIL'S STANE[1]

BY J. GORDON WEIR

KIRKFORD had suffered long from a drought, and the shortage of water was occasioning much hardship among the villagers. Therefore it was with no little pleasure that Jamie Pollock, toiling up the hillside from the back of the village to his farm higher up the slopes, observed signs of a coming break in the weather. It was about time too, he thought, for the dried and shriveled grass afforded little nourishment for his cattle. Laidlaugh Farm, however, had not as yet suffered to the same extent as other farms in the district, and the promised relief portending in the skies was all the more welcome to Jamie because, this year of all years, he could not afford to have a loss on his stock. Had he not just come from a visit to old Sanders the weaver's cottage, and, as a result of a very pertinent conversation with Mary Sanders, had she not promised to accompany him up the hill some day in the near future and take up her home permanently at Laidlaugh Farm? The subject opened up a very pleasant train of thought for Jamie, and he smiled to himself as he plodded, oblivious to his surroundings, up the hillside.

And then, suddenly, there happened that incident which was to embark him upon a series of nerve-racking adventures within the next few hours, the story of which was to be told in the late-seventeenth or, more probably, the early-eighteenth century. These were the days when witches and warlocks terrified the countryside for miles around with their black art. For was it not rumored even now among the farmers that this present drought had been brought about by the devilish machinations of some local witch?

Jamie's shaggy black sheep-dog, to which he had hitherto paid little attention in the midst of his reveries, sniffed around among the dry shrubbery on the hillside, looking for rabbits. All at once a large hare started out from a bush and made off, with the dog in full cry behind. The hare had had no great start, and it seemed as if its pursuer would soon make an end to the chase, when the animal darted up the slope toward a ledge of rocks standing out on the hillside. Just as it reached them the dog came level and gripped it. Instantly there was a human scream of pain and rage, and before the eyes of Jamie Pollock the hare became a woman. She scrambled up the ledge while the dog jumped back, snarling and growling. There, her feet curled up for safety, and rubbing her injured ankle, the woman turned and fiercely cursed the dog that snarled below.

'Ca' yer dog aff, Jamie Pollock!' she screamed. 'Or may yer sicht be blasted afore the morn's sun! Ca' yer dog aff.'

For one instant Jamie was stunned with astonishment; then full realization of the meaning of the incident broke upon him. The woman herself he recognized as one Kate Gillies, a widow who lived in a little cottage not far outside the village, and who had not as yet been suspected of communion with the Evil One.

He ran up the hill toward his dog, shouting encouragement to it as he

[1] From the *Edinburgh Scotsman Weekly*

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went, while the witch squirmed on the narrow ledge as the beast, with one mighty bound, almost managed to reach her.

'Ca' yer dog aff!' she shouted again as Jamie approached. Then, as he showed no signs of obeying her, she launched a series of frightful curses at him.

But Jamie was not to be moved. He was a conscientious young man and he was not disposed to make concessions to one in league with the Devil.

'Watch her, Rover,' he said to the dog. 'Auld witch that ye are!' he added, addressing the woman. 'It's you that's brought this drought upon us with yer damnable incantations. Ay-ay, auld woman, there's mony'll be pleased tae hear o' this. They'll put an end tae yer devilish cantrips.'

And without another word he turned and walked on up the hill, leaving the dog to guard the raging woman on the ledge.

For two hours Kate Gillies sat there, nursing her wrath and a damaged ankle, while the dog lay below, all the time keeping a watchful eye upon his victim. At last, however, when night had long fallen, the dog rose, shook himself, and slipped quietly off into the darkness for his supper. When she felt quite sure that the way was clear Kate descended slowly and painfully from her precarious position on the ledge and limped off home, vowing vengeance on all and sundry.

Midnight found Jamie Pollock still sitting before the fire in his small farmhouse on the hillside. The events that had taken place earlier in the evening had excited him, and he was unable to sleep. He was anxious, too, for he did not know what harm the witch might do him. He had offended her, refused to keep her secret, and he could not tell to what purpose she would use her power of evil against him. He rose wearily, and, crossing to the little window that looked down upon the village, peered out into the night. He started suddenly as he saw a shadowy figure appear in the darkness, hurry toward the farmhouse, and, approaching the door, knock loudly upon it. He swung round as he heard the sound.

'Whae's there?' he called fearfully.

'It's Sanders,' replied a voice from outside. 'Quick, man, open the door.'

Reassured by the familiar voice, Jamie crossed over to the door, unbolted it, and let the newcomer in. The big form of Sanders loomed up in the doorway.

'It's Mary,' he said. 'She's been taken ill suddenly.'

'What's the matter wi' her?' asked Jamie anxiously.

'I dinna ken,' replied Mary's father. 'Her spirits went doon all o' a sudden the nicht, an' we canna mak' oot what's wrang wi' her. She jist lies still, an' naething seems tae dae ony guid. She was askin' for ye.'

Together the two hurried down toward the village. Neither spoke during that walk. They approached the doorway of Sanders's cottage in silence. The elder man opened the door.

'Ye'd best gang in yersel',' he said quietly as he let Jamie in.

Jamie nodded and noiselessly opened the door of the little room in which his beloved lay sick of this mysterious illness.

The girl smiled as Jamie entered the room and knelt by the bedside. She extended her hand toward him, and as he clasped it he was shocked to find it so limp and nerveless. He had not expected to find her so weak as this. She seemed to be utterly worn out, and her condition resembled that following a long and wearisome illness. It seemed impossible that she had but a few hours before been performing her usual duties about the house.

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At last Mrs. Sanders, fearing to excite her daughter, signed to Jamie to leave the room. He left as silently as he had entered, and although he had spoken no word to her he felt that Mary and he had had a long, long talk. Outside he found Sanders waiting.

'It's terrible,' he said in answer to the old man's mute question. 'The suddenness —'

It was then that the thought struck him. The suddenness! He gripped his companion by the arm.

'Kate Gillies!' he muttered. 'If auld Kate has ocht tae dae wi' this —!'

In a few words he told his friend the story of the evening's happenings.

'God!' he exclaimed. 'I'll brave the power o' Hell an thraw the neck o' the Deil himsel' if that cursed woman has ocht tae dae wi' this!'

The weaver turned to the door.

'We'll gang doon tae her the noo,' he said; and quietly they left the cottage.

A faint light shone in the window of Kate Gillies's cottage as the two men approached. Without a sound they crept cautiously up to the window and gazed into the little room. A slow fire burned on the hearth, and beside it sat Kate herself, chuckling maliciously as she watched a small object that lay near the smouldering ashes. It was upon this small object that the eyes of both men were riveted. Now they understood the meaning of the mysterious ailment that had stricken Mary Sanders.

They were about to turn to the door and burst into the cottage when the woman suddenly rose. She walked quickly over to a corner of the room, placed a black cap upon her head, shouted in a loud, strident voice two unintelligible words, and in a trice disappeared. At the same moment the light in her room went out. There remained only the dull-red glow from the fire, beside which lay that small dark object.

The two men turned quickly to the door. One heave of the shoulders against it and it flew open. They entered the room, and, while Sanders relit the lantern on the table, Jamie walked over to the fire. Beside it lay a small waxen figure of human shape, pierced through the heart with a long needle. By the heat of the fire it melted slowly — slowly, but surely. Jamie picked it up and carefully withdrew the needle, while the weaver, finding an old ragged dress lying in a corner of the room, ripped off a piece of the cloth, and, placing it on the fire, watched it with grim satisfaction until it was completely burned.

'We'd best be awa' noo,' he said to Jamie. 'She'll dae nae mair hairm tae us.'

They left the place of evil and hurried back to Sanders's cottage. It was a happier mother that they met at the door.

'Wheesht,' she said. 'She took a turn for the better jist a while back. She's sleepin'. She'll be a' right noo.'

It was the elder man who had to assist the other into the cottage.

Away in a hollow among the Lowther Hills a scene of gayety was being enacted. All the witches in Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and Dumfriesshire had gathered together there for the night's revels. The sound of skirling bagpipes echoed through the hills, for Colin M'Callum himself, a famous Highland piper, had come to aid the festivities. But Colin had been playing long now, and it was not surprising that he had contracted a mighty thirst.

Kate Gillies handed him a horn brimful of ale. Colin took the proffered drink, gave his kilt a hitch, flung back his head, and speedily poured the whole

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flaskful of liquid down his capacious gullet.

'Eh, by the Lord,' said he, 'but that's —'

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a great wind swept across the hollow with a mighty roar and scattered the whole assembly in all directions before it. The next minute Kate Gillies, carried off in its power like all the rest of her companions, landed with a thud upon the floor of her cottage. In the process her black cap fell off, and she was now visible to the human eye.

When she had recovered her scattered senses she rose and hobbled painfully over to the fire. Her first thought was for the little waxen figure she had left before it. She lit the lantern, and then, when she saw that the model was missing, a scream of rage burst from her lips. She bent over the fire and raked among the smouldering embers, but all she saw was the ashes of the piece of cloth Sanders had burned there a few hours before. Sanders had suspected the truth, and the power of her spell was broken. By the ashes of the burned cloth she knew that she now had no power to wreak her vengeance upon either the Sanderses or Pollock.

But she had still one resource left, and she chuckled to herself as she picked up a small cauldron from the hearth, filled it with a mixture of strange liquids which she kept in flasks in a secret cupboard, and placed it on the fire, now heaped up with peats. The flames roared up the sides of the cauldron until the liquid began to boil with a strange sound. The witch bent over the pot, passed her hands over it, and muttered a few words. No sooner had she finished the incantation than there was a flash of fire from the steaming cauldron, and Satan himself stood before her.

Kate bowed low, until her stiff old backbone creaked with the unaccustomed usage.

'Yer Highness,' she said, 'accept the puir welcome o' yer loyal subject!'

Satan gravely inclined his head.

'What is't that you desire of me?' he asked.

'Ah!' exclaimed the witch. 'Jist that ye wad punish one that has hurt me sair, and insulted yer ain sel'.'

'Unfortunately, I am rather busy just now,' apologized Satan.

'Ah, Sire,' said the witch beseechingly, 'jist see him for yersel'! As braw a birkie as ever ye saw, he is. There's no' the like of Jamie Pollock in a' the length —'

'Pollock?' interrupted Satan excitedly. 'Pollock? Not a Pollock of Laidlaugh, surely?'

'The same,' said Kate. 'His family hae worked that farm for years.'

'Hm!' said the devil, meditatively stroking his pointed beard. 'He certainly would be a great acquisition. We need a powerful assistant at the tortures just now. A batch from Glasgow arrived the other day, and they're not taking to it very kindly. By the way, that reminds me! You don't happens to know of any young fellows round Kirkford who would be suitable to officiate at some of the tortures?'

'Yer Highness,' she said, 'I'm always pleased tae pit in a guid word for a likely —'

The effect of her words was startling. The Devil clutched at his heart, — or rather the spot where his heart ought to be, for the Devil has no heart, — staggered backward, and at the same time his form began to grow fainter and fainter.

'Good? Good?' he said, a spasm of pain crossing his features each time he said it. 'That word! Oh! Ah!'

The startled witch sprang forward.

'Ah, Yer Highness,' she exclaimed. 'May the curses of tortured souls — '

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And, with a series of maledictions too frightful to be repeated here, she gradually brought him back again.

'That's all right now,' said the Devil when he had at last recovered his breath. 'I feel better. Don't let it occur again, though. You must be careful or I might be constrained— '

The witch cowered down in a corner when she heard this inferred threat, and apologized profusely for her slip of the tongue.

'Quite all right, as I said,' remarked Satan impatiently. 'Don't worry me with your apologies. About this Jamie Pollock, I'll do what I can for you. I must go now.' And with these words he disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Kate rose and took the cauldron off the fire. It was now quite empty.

The day following that night was one of torrential rain. The Annick, which the day before had been little more than a rivulet, rose with alarming suddenness, and the waters now rushed over the falls with their old accustomed roar.

Jamie Pollock, returning from an afternoon spent in Kilpeddoch, picked his way down the soaking hillside toward the river. Suddenly, from behind him, there came a sound as of a clap of thunder. Turning around, he was horrified to see a figure appear farther up the hillside, just beside a great rock that jutted out from the ground. For a few seconds Jamie stood gazing at the apparition, petrified with fear. He knew too well what that terrible being was. In a flash he realized that Kate Gillies had called her master to her aid. Then he turned and ran blindly toward the river. His one aim was to get across it before the Devil could wreak the intended harm upon him, for, once across, he would be protected by the running water from all his wiles.

In a few seconds he was plunging into the river. He felt the rush of the water against him, but he battled on. Just as he neared the opposite bank his feet were carried away from under him, and he was thrown violently against a rock. He clutched at it desperately, regained his feet, and with a feeling of exaltation caught at the long grass that grew on the bank. As he scrambled up it he heard a sound of rending and crashing behind him, then felt a mighty wind as an immense rock hurtled through the air toward him. There was a crash and a great splash of water. From his position of safety he turned and looked behind him. The Devil had disappeared from the hillside, and beside the spot where he had stood there was no longer the great rock jutting out, but merely a deep hollow. Below him, in the middle of the river, lay the great stone, torn out of the hillside and hurled by Satan at his enemy. Not even the power of the Devil however, had been able to fling the missile across running water.

And that is how the rock came to lie in the river, where it remains to this day, and that is why it is called the Deil's Stane.

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THE WOMAN PROBLEM IN NORTH AFRICA[1]

BY COLONEL GODCHOT

ALTHOUGH France herself is behind the times in the position that she accords to woman, when one comes to examine the position of the native women in that magnificent North African empire which we began to conquer at least a hundred years ago there is even more reason to deplore the lot to which they are condemned and the scanty efforts that are made to give dignity to their lives. This is not a question of *Désenchantées*, whose secrets Mme. Marc Helys has none too agreeably revealed, but of the women whom our colonials pass every day on country roads or in the streets of our Algerian cities and who show all the rigor of the conditions of their life — no matter whether, enveloped in their *haiks*, with faces veiled, they pass like living, doomed enigmas; or whether, hitched to the plough beside the familiar donkey, they aid the farmer; or whether, on the burning roads, they are breaking rock; or gathering sticks in the forests to be carried painfully homeward on their backs; or trying in vain to get some rest along the way, often threatened by the stick of the youth who watches over them; or whether, bringing up the rear of the caravans, with bleeding feet, among the dogs and donkeys, they gather up twigs to light the fire when they shall have reached at last the oasis where they will erect their masters' tents.

And what are even these miseries when compared to the cruelty of their domestic life? When France entered Algiers in 1830 historic conditions demanded that we should respect Arab law, both civil and religious, which is based upon the Koran; but this was not the case where the Kabyles are concerned, for they are a Berber tribe whose *Kanouns*, based upon universal suffrage, are capable of revision.

What is especially striking in the lives of these women is the seclusion in which they live, and, so far as the Arabs are concerned, the requirement of a veil, for the Kabyles go with the face uncovered. Mohammed, in the thirty-second and thirty-third verses of the thirty-third chapter of the Koran, which were addressed to his own wives, said: 'Remain within your houses, and do not adorn yourself as in the days of idolatry.' Then the wives of the other people wished to imitate the wives of the Prophet; and the commentators who interpreted the book asserted that if he did not specifically allude to these other women it was only to emphasize the importance of his reform. The men of course shared the opinion of these precious expositors. Mohammed thus created miseries.

So far as the veil is concerned, the thirty-first verse of chapter twenty-four and the fifty-ninth verse of chapter thirty-three directs its wearing: 'Require your wives and your daughters and the wives of the believers to let fall a veil before their face. It shall be a mark of their free condition and be a restraint upon attempts against them.' Mohammedans in general as-

[1] From *La Revue Mondiale* (Paris current-affairs semimonthly), *September* 1

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cribe the invention of the veil to the Prophet, but it is easy to find in Scheil's *Collection of Assyrian Laws* proof that Mohammed did no more than prescribe the application of laws which were already very ancient and of which one finds echoes in Genesis, where Sarah and Rebekah are required to cover their faces.

Before we go further into the lives of these recluse women, let us go back and begin with their birth. When a son is born to a North African Moslem, joy reigns. Everyone says to the father, 'God has increased thy good.' If it is a daughter, the father cries, 'A misfortune is born to me.' But in spite of that, the birth is celebrated on the seventh day in the presence of the Gadi, the parents and their friends, and the baby is named Zohra, the flower; Saadya, the happy; Zina, the beautiful; or Aziza, the beloved. . . . Yet over it all hangs the Prophet's dictum, 'Men are superior to women,' and it is this phrase that stops all civilization and checks all progress. While his daughter is a child her father troubles himself not a whit about her, and she is lucky if her mother, his instrument for pleasure and for work, finds any time to watch over her. As the girl grows up she is trained, taught silence, discretion — and coquetry. Poetic phrases about beauty are sung to her. Later on, in spite of the Koran, which describes tatooing as 'the Devil's writing,' she is tatooed.

When a girl is of marriageable age she is also ready for her prison. Her father begins to think about the dot — which he will get back — and the present he will receive from the husband — which practically amounts to a price for selling his daughter. At ten or twelve, then, the girl is handed over to her husband, whether she likes it or not. For a father can impose marriage on an unmarried girl. It is what is called the right of *Djebr*, which is recognized by law and custom.

The father may consult his daughter, but she must not reply except by a smile or by tears. If she smiles it is because she is glad to be married; if she weeps it simply means that she agrees to the marriage though regretting to leave her father's house — a convenient bit of duplicity. If she should categorically refuse the man who bought her, the father would apply the law of *Djebr* by blows of the *matraque*, or Arab club. The consent of a widow or divorced woman is necessary, though that does not prevent her being sold by her father or her brothers, or even by her children; for in all these relations of her civil life she is represented by a proxy or *ouali* who is practically her master. The same law also permits polygamy, which is often necessary, especially among the poor; though they usually have only two wives, who are used for all kinds of work, relieving one another, since one wife would hardly be enough for the day's tasks. Meanwhile the husband does his bit by putting on a more or less torn burnoose and going — very much like an ancient Roman senator — to drink his *kaoua* at the Moorish café or to discourse at the Djemaa or else to look for news in the market. It is not unusual to see old men of sixty marrying girls of twelve.

It is true that the rigor of women's work may differ with men whose tents are large, or among the rich bourgeoisie of the cities. But it is rare to find wives who are beloved, faithful friends, sharers of joy and sorrow, associates in happy days and in hours of bitterness. Yet marriage is surrounded by ceremonies that would make it poetic if all that followed were not so cruel. What beautiful pages one might write about the asking in marriage and the betrothal, all ceremonies accompanied

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by fantastic observances, rifle shots, and feasting; but as soon as she is married the Arab or Kabyle woman becomes the prey of her husband, a thing belonging to her master. The Arab woman may inherit, she retains the administration and disposition of her personal property, but the exercise of these rights, which are recognized by the Koran, is made impossible, for a woman must have an ouali, who can be no one except her husband or her nearest relative. What outsider would dare try to replace them? If she wished to find some other proxy than her husband, he would interfere with blows and she might lose her life. When such cases do occur, one sees the husband indulging in the most extraordinary plots, adjusting matters with the aid of his cronies and gradually working his wife's name out of the question and making it a matter of 'abuse of confidence' — a charge which often appears in our courts. Women often receive blows with the matraque, knife-cuts, and the most odious assaults. Merely on suspicion, for example, a husband tied his wife to a beam in his cabin head downward, heated an iron and burned her with it. Another who was sentenced for having killed his wife cried out before the criminal court that he had a right to do so by virtue of the provisions of the Koran. It is true that the Koran authorizes a husband to punish his wife, and in the words of the thirty-eighth verse of the fourth chapter, 'to leave her alone in his bed, and even to strike her.' Given this authorization, forcing matters to extremes is not difficult for irritable and violent men like the Arabs and Berbers.

Divorce exists to relieve the conflicts of married people, but it establishes still further man's predominance, since a husband can repudiate his wife directly, whereas she must appeal to the courts amid all the difficulties that native life involves; and when she does venture thither with any chance of success it is because her father or her brothers lend her their support with a view to future sale. Often the future purchaser is just off-stage. Suppose that she has been divorced or repudiated and remarried several times and that she has had children in each house. She will never see them again. They become strangers to her when she changes masters. The apostles of feminism in France lament the martyrdom of the Frenchwoman. What name would they find for the miserable lot of the Kabyle woman?

As has already been said, the terms of the capitulation of Algiers on July 5, 1830, did not affect the laws of the Kabyle population, whose religion is sharply separated from their customs. As a result their common law can be changed without sacrilege, and identifies itself with our own laws. The Berber is Islamized, not Arabized. These Berber customs are worked out in the Djemaas, which create the Kanouns, which can be revised or made more complete as the circumstances may require. It is these Djemaas, or assemblies of the villages, which hand down local usages, prescribe fines, and regulate the rights and duties of men toward the women of their family.

In them everything works together for the enslavement of woman. Thus one may see the heirs of a deceased husband sell the widow, for, being his widow, she is part of the live stock or real estate; but should she simply be displeasing to her husband while he is alive, or should she not seem useful to the heirs of the dead husband, then the husband or the heirs need say nothing, need not make a gesture save to open the door. The unfortunate woman must go back to her father, if he is willing to receive her, or flee tragically

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into the wilderness, taking her chances of misery or death — a plaything for the first vagabond who wants her. If she goes back to her father, he may marry her off again as soon as the husband has been paid back his purchase price. The latter may even demand of her suitor a sum which he will arbitrarily fix and which may be made so big as to hinder any remarriage. Happy the woman who has been used so brutally that her husband repudiates her without these Draconian conditions, for then she is '*Thamouok't*,' that is, 'retired from circulation.' Poor unhappy merchandise, unsalable though she may be no more than fifteen years old! Her conduct under such circumstances must be impeccable, otherwise the cruelest chastisement is reserved for her. If she is illtreated, beaten, or made the subject of every kind of assault, the Kabyle woman has not even the right to demand divorce. If her life becomes impossible, she goes back to her father and is literally 'in insurrection.' Being then compelled to repudiate her, the husband, to secure vengeance, puts on her head a price of one hundred, five hundred, or one thousand douros, which she must pay if she wants to remarry.

The Kabyle woman has no right of inheritance. She has, furthermore, no rights of succession. Her male relatives deprive her of anything that may be left her. They are obliged to provide living and lodging for repudiated widows or indigent women or else to turn over to them the use of a third of the estate; but they take care to wear that down, and the women remain without usufruct, having no other resource than to become beggars or prostitutes. Certain influences have already provoked a reaction in favor of the hereditary rights of women, and as a matter of fact one does find donations in their favor in wills.

It is true, as M. Boulifa tries to make us believe in his collection of Kabyle poetry, that the woman's lot is not always so miserable as is generally said. The Kabyles are capable of love and know how to sing about it, especially as they are often handsome and Kabyle women are very beautiful. But what wrongs of daily life exist among the low delightful landscapes in this splendid country, among these marvelous mountains that themselves protest against the crimes they shelter! One may hear exquisite love-songs accompanied by the *guinibri*, but that does not improve the Kabyle soul or the Berber spirit. For that our persevering and determined action is essential. . . .

The effort to free Mussulman women is going on everywhere — especially in Tunis, where a literary society gives argumentative lectures, during which an Arab woman once marched on to the stage unveiled and explained the great suffering of her sisters. Feminism is making progress in Turkey and in Persia; and strange to say, in spite of our own by no means commendable way of treating women, to whom we refuse political and civil rights, it is toward us, toward France, that the women of Islam turn their glances. Our influence extends beyond the Orontes and the Golden Horn even while it lags in our possessions in North Africa.

That is what is shown, for example, by Kanoum Dowlat Abadi, who, refusing to wear the veil or to be secluded at home, has helped to save her sisters by creating a society with the significant name of 'The Mothers of To-morrow,' and has made the French press aware of the sufferings of Persian women. In Afghanistan the Amir wishes to have his country join the forward march. In 1918 a conference of Indian Mussulman women gathered together four

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hundred women who came from Faridkot, from Lahore, Allahabad, Lucknow, Bophal, and elsewhere to demand the creation of a women's university. In January 1922 a book on Egyptian women appeared in Egypt which was sponsored by a princess. Everywhere, in short, round about our own North Africa, the Mussulman women are astir. Let us listen to them and let us be mindful of their sisters who are our subjects. Our managers, administrators, magistrates, and scholars seem now to manifest a desire to repair the shortcomings of the past. It is a question that France cannot for long neglect, and it is her duty to lead our French subjects toward better things

THIS ENGLAND [1]

BY C. A. L.

THE news has just been announced that one of the bigger American film companies is going to produce pictures in England. The plans are ready. Work is to begin in a few weeks' time. A promise has been given that some at least of the producers and players shall be British, that the finished works shall be internationally advertised as 'British-made pictures,' and that subjects of British life and interest shall find a place among the other stories chosen for representation on the screen.

It is with the desire to be helpful that I have drawn up, for the guidance of this company, a short alphabetical table of the people and properties of Great Britain as the camera has seen them in the years gone by. My list is necessarily incomplete. It includes only those details of English life that have come into my personal experience of picture-going. But if it saves only a little labor, expense, and reference to the films of this or any other company's yesterday I shall feel that my effort has not been altogether wasted. It runs so: —

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *August* 22

Attorney: See Editor.

Authors, famous English: Shakespeare, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, and A. S. M. Hutchinson.

Barrie, Sir James: Collaborator with Lasky, Zukor, and Brenon in the production of 'Peter Pan.'

Chapel: See Church.

Chorus Girl: An earl's bride.

Church: A cathedral.

Coastguards: Armed police scouts sent out from Scotland Yard on Harley-Davidson motor-cycles.

Cook: A jolly, fat negress.

Cottage: See House.

Derby: A popular horse-race which quite two or three hundred people watch each year.

Dickens, Charles: Scenario-writer of *A Tale of Two Cities.*

Dinner: The time when estranged couples dress in their best, glance furtively at each other across a polished table, and lap a little soup.

Dogs: These are of two kinds, faithful and Pekingese.

Duchess: An old lady with a high gray wig, an errant son, a pair of lorgnettes, a tight bodice, and six ropes of pearls.

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Duke: See Parliament, Member of.

Editor: A gray-haired man with a cigar who sits behind a glass door marked 'Private.'

Father: There are no fathers in England, only adopted fathers and grandfathers.

Father, Adopted: A bully.

Father, Grand-: An earl.

Fox-hunting: A fine old English sport done with guns.

Hats, Straw: Worn with evening dress by all heroes.

Hats, Top: Worn on all occasions by members of the peerage, doctors, theatrical managers, and fathers-in-law. When worn by a member of the peerage who is also a father-in-law the top hat should be gray or white in color.

House: See Mansion.

Lancashire: See Lancastershire.

Lancastershire: A wild country of craggy mountains and tropical vegetation where savage men and women mine for coal.

Lawyer: See Attorney.

Letters, Signature of: 'Cordially, Lord So-and-so' is customary.

London: The only town in England.

Mansion: See Palace.

Mother: See Duchess.

Newspaper: Single sheet of paper mainly devoted to headlines, but allowing an inch or two in the middle for society gossip, criminal news, *vers libre*, or a picture of the heroine at play.

Newspaper office: A vast building with swing-doors, colonnades, a flight of marble steps, and the name in flashing electrics a mile high.

Nurse: See Cook.

Palace: A building consisting of one vast hall, with a gallery, a cut-glass chandelier, bearskin rugs, priceless tapestries, and six footmen; the home of the heroine.

Parliament, Houses of: Picturesque old-world buildings of decorative value only, situate next to the Tower of London.

Parliament, Member of: A thin man with protruding teeth and a monocle.

Reporter: A young man in a trench coat and a Derby hat; employed to fight dangerous criminals.

Scotland: A northern State where men and women all wear skirts to the knee, Glengarry bonnets, and sporrans, and carry a gun. There are no towns in Scotland, and the houses are timbered Elizabethan structures, with trophies of big-game hunting slung around the walls. It is always sunny and temperate in Scotland. There is no rain.

Spittoons: These are made of brass in the best English homes.

Here, at present, my guidebook ends. I hope it will be acceptable to the new company. They will notice that I have taken to heart the speech made only a few months ago by one of their chief directors, in which he begged — nay, more imperiously, commanded — English writers to give up their 'continual and unwarranted criticism' of American studies of English life. We in England were unable for climatic reasons to make film stories of our own country (he has changed the climate since that speech), but when some experienced American, he cried, after long research and study, 'goes out of his way to produce a picture portraying intelligently, favorably, and sincerely English manners and customs, let the British public, exhibitors, and renters, instead of making unfounded and destructive criticism, accept as sincere the efforts made.'

I, for one, have accepted them. He cannot quarrel with my guidebook. It is offered to the country that suggested it without any criticism at all.

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ON THE TRAIL OF SAMUEL BUTLER[1]

BY LOUIS GOLDING

It had long been my ambition to make a pilgrimage to the wild town of Calatafimi, in Sicily, for it was here that Samuel Butler returned time after time and wrote some of his most astonishing work. So it was that lately I found myself trudging the upward ascent to the town till a group of villagers riding on their mules overtook me. Seeing that I lagged under the weight of my rucksack, they insisted that I should mount one of their beasts. When I had mounted it, and was ensconced in a huge odorous heap of fodder, children came forward and pressed roses upon me. Mainly thorns they were, it is true, but the children did it so shyly, so wholly without thought of payment, that no prima donna at Covent Garden could have been more gratified by the choicest bouquet. They put a pointed twig into my hand and made clear to my unpractised eyes the carefully prepared hole beside the beast's spine into which I must plunge it.

So I rode into Calatafimi with roses in one hand and a goad in the other, to pay my obsequies to the shade of Samuel Butler, not knowing which of those two offerings his shade would appreciate most. I required them to take me to the hostelry named after him, but I was led into so reeking and cavernous a place that I cried '*Avanti!* This cannot be it!' and felt like prodding them with the goad for daring to suggest that Butler had lodged here. But no one knew the name. There was no Albergo Samuel Butler. There was a street, indeed, referred to by that combination of exotic syllables, but they no more produced the image of a man in the minds of the citizens of Calatafimi than the image of a machine or a vegetable. They took me to another hotel named after Garibaldi, and dispiritedly I entered its not much more joyous portal, letting the thorny roses drop from my hand.

Though I had hardly expected the inhabitants of Calatafimi to have formed Samuel Butler Study Circles and to be standing at the street corners with copies of *Alps and Sanctuaries* and *The Authoress of the Odyssey* under their arms, I had hoped at least to find his name green, to find it something more than a foreign gibberish on the plate of a street. As for Garibaldi — but even in the landscape of Segesta the monument to Garibaldi takes the eye before and after the Greek temple. He might have spared Samuel Butler his little Sicilian immortality. I recalled the petty fury with which I had discovered in Ravenna that the monument I had fondly hoped to be Byron's was his again, his always, everywhere in Italy. And though I yield to none in my admiration for the most eminent of all the Victorian Italians, I spluttered with rage once more as I washed myself in a tumblerful of tepid water poured from a petrol tin. More out of desperation than hope, I once more addressed the name of Samuel Butler to the padrone, and, as I expected, he but shook his head from side to side in ignorant imbecility.

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *September* 10

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Then of a sudden he suspended the shakings and bade me repeat the name. This time he recognized it as an attempt upon the curious collection of sounds that constituted the name of one of the principal streets of his city. He remained buried in thought for some minutes, then ventured the information that this very hotel was called by that name twenty or thirty years ago. It was the name of some *forestiere*, a commercial traveler who used to come to this inn and make up his accounts. The landlord had a feeling that he traveled in books and stationery, but it was all so long ago, before his time as landlord, and he could not be sure. I mentioned that a book I had with me was dated 1912 and spoke of an Albergo Samuel Butler as existing then. That was only about a dozen years ago. For his own part, the landlord said, he did not buy the place under that name or hear it referred to thus. There was a habit of referring to all inns in Sicily as Albergo Garibaldi until any reason could be shown for not so naming them. Travelers expected it. They did not feel at home in places with fancy names. And if, of all towns in Sicily or Italy or the wide world over, Calatafimi should not call its inns Garibaldi, what town should? Had I perhaps seen a den of cutthroats and brigands down that arch and up the next street? That place also called itself Garibaldi. And if another inn was opened in Calatafimi how could it be expected that it also should not be called after Garibaldi?

Not but that, said the padrone, if Calatafimi had its rights there would n't be luxurious hotels and gasworks and waterworks springing up all over the place. (I took this to be an apologetic side-reference to the petrol tin and the stub of candle by my bedside.) But what could you expect of Mussolini? Such black ingratitude as Mussolini's had no parallel in the annals of Italy. It was evident that Mussolini would never be a rival to Garibaldi in the naming of hotels in Calatafimi.

If Calatafimi only had its rights . . . His eye fired apocalyptically. Visions of Fiat works floated before it, sinking of mine-shafts, digging of canals, innumerable Garibaldi hotels flanking every horizon. But what, said he, wiping his nose on his sleeve, can you expect from Mussolini?

Harsh and jagged lies the present Calatafimi along a hill's spine. Its shadows are hard, and the faces of its people are not too gentle. The bells in the church under the mediæval city clang harshly, as if the church were a factory. To synchronize with the bells of Mass they beat a drum on the platform by the church. It sounds like an exclusive invention of the Devil for Calatafimi, to give the place its appropriate music. All the shadows are toothed and hard, like the jaws of beasts. The asses bray more raucously than anywhere else in the world. The fiendish dogs that awake you hours before dawn are not dogs at all. The noise they make is like some hideous electric horn upon a millionaire's car.

I hung over the hilltop, appalled at the infernal landscape of evening; the terrible hills, the path twisting down from Calatafimi into their bad heart, twisting and winding downward like a determined sinner twisting into Hell. I listened appalled to the bells in the ravines, the sly bats about my head. The asses brayed, the dogs howled, confusing dark with dawn and making both terrible. Calatafimi is no town for dim dreamings. I have read Samuel Butler afresh, with a new understanding of things that were obscure in him till I saw Calatafimi.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

CONTEMPORARY PREHISTORY

THE prehistoric may yet turn out to be more historic than pre if an extraordinary observation in the Indian jungle reported by Major H. E. Rudkin of the British army is confirmed. Major Rudkin was hunting in the Sunderbunds — jungles of unusually dense growth situated on the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmaputra Rivers. He had been trailing a pair of tigers for several hours and had finally come up with them just as they were devouring a large boar. As he approached they disappeared.

Major Rudkin went into hiding at a distance of about ten yards to wait for his tigers' return. The rest of his experience is better told in his own words: —

'I had been there for about an hour when out of a watercourse a strange-looking animal appeared. The creature was about ten feet long and had a body very like a crocodile, but instead of the ordinary crocodile head it had one about the size and shape of a Rugby football, though rather flatter, with a comparatively slender neck about two feet long. It made straight for the dead pig and started eating it. Shortly after another appeared, and soon there were at least a dozen round the carcass. They varied in length from twelve to five or six feet, and all had the same shaped heads, which they constantly raised on their long necks as they quarreled with each other over their meal.

'I did not want them to consume the pig, and tried to frighten them away by showing myself and throwing lumps of mud at them, but they took no notice, and I soon realized that my only hope of scaring them was to shoot. This, however, I was particularly anxious not to do, as it was my intention, if the tigers did not return to the pig, to tie up a goat for them, and I knew that the sound of a shot would probably spoil my chance.

'Also, although I had never before seen creatures such as I have described, I thought that their existence was probably well known to naturalists, and that the bagging of a specimen was not worth a shot under the circumstances. The result was that in a very short time there was very little left of the pig, and the strange beasts disappeared.

'With the exception of a sportsman whose name I have forgotten, whom I met some years afterward in Poona, and who said he had seen similar animals once in the Assam jungles, which adjoin the Sunderbunds, I have never met anyone who has known of their existence. They were certainly not muggers or ghurriâls, the only two kinds of crocodiles I know of in India, of which I have shot a number.'

It is very easy to ridicule the English officer's story until one remembers how many creatures new to zoölogy have been discovered in comparatively recent years. The survival of an animal presenting certain points of similarity to the giant reptiles of an earlier age is not impossible, though the story, if it eventually receives verification, will certainly be very different from the kind of thing in which the moving-picture public delights.

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SPIRITUALIST PROPHECY

THROUGH the medium of his wife, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has lately been receiving messages from the Great Beyond, prophesying world-wide calamity within the next few years. Many of us do not have to summon a ghost from the grave to perceive that 'the world must undergo a great catastrophe before a change comes over it.' But this is not all. Little as we may suspect it, we are 'getting into a shocking state of materialism.' Sir Arthur goes on to say that disaster is imminent. 'The time is not yet certain, although everything points to its being very close. Dates are given in certain messages ranging from 1925 to 1928. If the higher powers find that man is improving, and that the world can be brought by other means to its right mind as regards strictly spiritual matters, then we may be saved.'

These dour forebodings should not be lightly dismissed. For the last three years the Doyle household has been in constant touch with some very high personage. The economic and political opinions of this unfortunately anonymous shade have usurped the place once occupied by daily bulletins from members of the immediate family — inevitably less picturesque. Through its good offices the Doyles were apprised of the latest Japanese earthquake the very night before it occurred, and invaluable information regarding China and Japan has been vouchsafed them before the events transpired. Sir Arthur paints this delightful little word-picture of their charming home-life: 'Any time of the day or night she (Lady Conan Doyle) will go into a kind of trance, when the power descends upon her, during which time she uses expressions obviously not her own, and therefore inspired.'

The only flaw in the whole thing seems to be the identity of the eminent personage. This department humbly nominates for that post its own candidate, Eliakim Littell, founder of the *Living Age*.

CHRIST IN RUSSIA

A CURIOUS little picture of Russian evolution — not revolution — is printed in the *Pravda* of recent date. In an obscure village of the Tomsk district, Siberia, a young schoolmistress appeared at the meeting of nonpartisan youths and read a report on the life and work of Jesus Christ! After the report, the following resolution was adopted: 'We, the young people of the village Mitrofanovka, declare that our opinion as to the significance of Jesus Christ is identical with that of the speaker. We have understood that Christ was a man like ourselves, and we revere Him as the first revolutionary, the first leader of the oppressed, and instead of church hymns we honor him with revolutionary songs.' After which, as befitted the case, the International was sung — in a very much revised version. Instead of the officially sanctioned text, the young people sang:

> Arise, blessed by humankind,
> Our Lord Jesus Christ . . .

NAPLES IS SINGING

'THE mightiest elemental disturbances in Naples are not caused by Vesuvius, though that mountain is the greatest pyrotechnic factory Italy possesses. No, the most tremendous earthquakes that Naples sustains are the days when a new *canzonetta* is being launched. September is the month when canzonettas are born under the autumnal moonlight or in the evening twilight already tinged with melancholy, wait-

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ing for an Italian Verlaine to immortalize them. Naples always has been the home of the popular Italian song, —

Io son' napulitano —
e si nun canto, moro! . . .

(I am Neapolitan — if I do not sing, I die!)'

Thus speaks the *Stampa* of Turin, reviewing the latest songs created by Libero Bovio, the municipal poet of Naples. Written in the Neapolitan dialect, his songs range from love to religion, from warlike tunes to the plaints of homesick emigrants gone to America in quest of bread and work which their own country denied them. Many other Neapolitan poets are mentioned, whose recently created songs have already become part of the musical treasury of the people of Naples. 'Naples,' the paper concludes, 'sings again with its voice of an eternal sirene — as it did yesterday, as it will to-morrow, as it will always.'

✽

WHO WROTE THAT SYMPHONY?

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph* calls attention to an interesting bit of musical history worth remembering.

To the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.
SIR, —

Will you allow me to trespass on your space to point out that the Symphony in G 'by Mozart' played at the Promenade Concert on September 1 is, as was pointed out some eighteen years ago, not by Mozart at all, but by Michael Haydn. Mozart appears to have made a copy of Haydn's symphony, as he copied other works both by him and by other composers, for his private study, and by a natural mistake the copy, which was purchased from Mozart's widow with the rest of the composer's manuscript remains by the music publisher André, was regarded as an original work. The adagio, however, with which the symphony opens is not found in Michael Haydn's autograph, and may have been written by Mozart. There is, of course, no reason why the work should disappear from the répertoire on this account; indeed, an occasional performance would serve to keep alive the memory of a composer whose light appears to have been completely extinguished by the brilliance of his more famous brother.

Yours truly,
C. B. OLDMAN
NEW CROSS, S. E., *September 2*

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THE LEVERHULME AUCTIONS

LORD LEVERHULME, even as you and I, did n't know much about art, but he knew what he liked. On the basis of his personal tastes, backed up with only a little expert advice from the outside, he made one of the finest collections of objets d'art in all England. On the top of the hill at Hampstead he built his 'lordly pleasure-house,' the entire contents of which are to be sold at auction in New York.

The catalogue covering his possessions runs to three sizable volumes, and appears to include chiefly the work of British artists. Sir William Orpen's portrait of Lady Rocksavage is the most notable piece of modern work, but there are also paintings by Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, and Turner. Rembrandt and Hals are the only two old-timers, and there is a Goya bull-fighter.

The furniture of the house is more remarkable than the pictures. Each room is strictly in one period. There is a fine library, and a splendid collection of some five thousand caricatures by Rowlandson, Gillray, and Cruickshank.

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The gardens are a fascinating study in themselves, especially the ones on the southern slope, which resemble Italy far more than they do any London suburb. Death, which put a stop to further schemes of development, also made necessary the auction and the accompanying cries that are already arising from the throats of æsthetic Britishers as they see their treasures setting sail for New York.

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'WITCHBURG, WALES'

APOSTLES of Anglo-American union will be gratified to hear that England not only has a Prince of Wales for our Rudolph Valentino but that a 'Witchburg' has been uncovered — curiously enough in the Prince's own principality — corresponding to dear old Monkeyville, Tennessee. This piece of news became public shortly after the production in London of a play entitled *Taffy*, by Caradoc Evans, a Welshman of the highest repute. The author of this drama has lampooned the superstitiousness of the inhabitants of his neck of the woods, and though the one-hundred-per-cent Englishman may disown Wales as completely as Boston dismisses New York or Dayton, he is not acting as honorably as he might.

The London run of *Taffy* has not been without incident. At one performance twenty loyal Welshman were forcibly ejected by the police. Such unbecoming conduct naturally led one of the leading London journals to investigate the Caradoc Evans country at first hand, with luscious results.

Among the peasants of this district of enlightened England there is implicit belief in 'spells.' Men in mid-Wales take whole droves of their farm and barnyard stock — pigs, poultry, cattle, and even men — to the local conjurer. This miracle-man scribbles some crisscross symbols on a piece of paper which the trusting hinds promptly seal in a bottle and place over the door of their barn that it may break any of the evil spells from which the occupants are suffering. The charge for these little services is sufficient to keep the sorcerer well stocked with the necessities of life. It should, however, be said in all fairness that his clients are somewhat ashamed of their credulity, and to avoid the sarcasm of the native Darrows they are apt to make their pilgrimages to the seer's abode by night.

✻

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S LEGS

MR. Alfred J. Day, an Englishman whose family has been famous on the English turf for generations, has brought out a new edition of his father's book, *The Race-Horse in Training*. Its appeal is not confined to racing folk, however, for Mr. Day has seen fit to incorporate any number of amusing anecdotes from most fields of human activity — public statuary, for instance. One of the most entertaining is this one which deals with the Duke of Wellington's legs: —

The late General Steward of Horsham was a very intimate friend of the Great Duke (Wellington), and as such was sent for by Sir Edgar Boehm to inspect on its completion his statue of the Duke now opposite Apsley House.

'It 's all right,' said the General, 'but you have got his legs too long.'

'That's impossible,' said Sir Edgar, turning toward a side-table; 'here are the breeches and boots he wore at Waterloo.'

Then the General rejoined: 'Don't you see what you have done? You have measured the boots drawn out; they were worn concertinalike round the ankle.'

The sculptor admitted the error, saying it was too late to alter it now. When telling the story, the General added, 'You know, Day, Wellington was a man about five feet, seven inches, in height, with a very long body and very short legs.'

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

ONE of the many faults of this department is the mechanical aspect of the magazine which prevents it from knocking each editorial blunder on the head as soon as it appears. We have had to wait until now to call attention to those futile columns, in last week's 'Week of the World,' about Saklatvala, whose alleged 'Red' tendencies frightened Frank B. ('Nervous Nellie') Kellogg into forbidding him the freedom of the country. The burden of our editor's song was that in keeping this Red Indian out we had given the Communists a tremendous amount of sadly needed publicity.

If Communism were really a menace, Mr. Kellogg could not have acted more wisely. What the State Department has actually done is to distract the attention of our workingmen from vital issues like Prohibition, Traffic Policemen, Bobbed Hair, and the World Court to a topic so safe that Mr. Dawes has frequently dared to refer to it in those wild speeches of his. Once more we are steeled against the wiles of a group of agitators who do not even make Judge Gary toss in his sleep.

The reason for Saklatvala's exclusion is what someone has jokingly called the British Commonwealth of Nations. This department does not need a private wire to Downing Street to suggest that the idea of preventing Saklatvala from howling about British injustice in India — his favorite topic — did not originate in our Mr. Kellogg's fertile Minnesota plains. It was an ingenious way of killing two birds with one stone. The most conservative country in the world is again put on its guard against the most impossible kind of Radicalism, and thus made to forget real grievances; while at the same time it performs a distinct service to the British Empire. The only jarring note is that the *Living Age* should have participated in the solemn farce.

* * *

We had lunch the other day with a chap who had just returned from Manchuria, where the next war, he assured us, is now brewing. The combatants will be Russia, in behalf of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and Japan, in behalf of the South Manchurian. At the time we were skeptical — these wise men out of the Far East are always full of the most bewildering and alarming news. But within a few paragraphs Mr. Huldschiner had us all worked up again. He tells who is behind the people behind the people behind Chang Tso-lin. He calls the South Manchurian Railway the S. M. R. There is n't a word of war talk in the whole article, but any place called Mukden, with two municipal engineers called Mr. Chun and Mr. Chen, will bear watching.

* * *

Speaking of names, one is tempted to drop the last letter from each of Mr. Abel Hermant's monickers and Americanize him on the spot. He deserves it for the way he complains about our fellow citizens in Paris. The idea of Monkeyville on the boulevards that Anatole France and Gaby Deslys once trod starts him off, but if he thinks that

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he is going to get us lashed into a frenzy with those barbs of Gallic satire, he is mistaken. His ignorance of his home town is so appalling that we are forced to tell him a thing or two about it right here. We who know our Paris and have got beyond the quaint little mediæval street stage of Alice Van Leer Carrick and our other neighbor, the House Beautiful Magazine, know that the only places worth visiting are American bars where they serve real cocktails, and American cabarets where they play real jazz.

* * *

The same to you, Fraulein Leitich, with your talk about 'Paris breeding' to which that *je ne sais quoi* of boorish Babbitts stands out in such glaring contrast. We for one far prefer the glittering efficiency of Childs to the 'easy loitering attention' of Paris restaurants. May we also pause a moment over the large French windows that no American, so Miss Leitich assures us, would ever build, and that no Parisian, we assure Miss Leitich, would ever open?

* * *

'This England,' though it sounds like the title of a Rudyard Kipling poem, deals with those pitifully inept American movies of British life. As the author of this piece points out, with uncanny cleverness, there are few if any spittoons in Buckingham Palace, common as they may be in the drawing-rooms of Astors, Goulds, and Vanderbilts. The charitable view to take of this absurd outburst is that England has evidently not yet become hardened to the quaint ideas of etiquette entertained by such old-world aristocrats as Messrs. Goldwyn, Zukor, and Lasky. Of course our upper class is a poor thing at best in comparison with the transatlantic equivalent, but even our Four Hundred has become altogether resigned to the liberties taken with them on the screen. The time may come when England too will understand that faithful reproduction of high life for the edification or the movie-going moron may not be a desirable thing after all.

* * *

It may seem to some of our readers — it certainly does to this one — that the Woman Problem in North America is so important that we had better not start borrowing trouble from North Africa. But when we had finished reading what Colonel Godchot had to say, we changed our mind completely and were compelled to admit that they order some things better among the Kabyles than we do right here in Boston. The girls in Africa are not only beautiful — they are also slaves.

What the world needs, according to many competent authorities, is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Here in this country we have tried letting the women do what they please, and it has been, as we all know, a dreadful failure. How different it is among the North Africans. There, to be sure, the women are treated like dirt, but surely they are as happy as the stout middle-aged lady spending the night in a second-rate Syracuse hotel in the course of a motor trip with her husband from their home in Zanesville, Ohio, to her aunt's residence in Hohokus, N. J., where they are to pass the next two weeks. And now consider, if you will, the husband. In North Africa he spends his time sitting and talking in his favorite café while his wives work. There at least half the population is perfectly happy — and that is a higher average than we have ever heard of any place else.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Polyglots, by William Gerhardi. London: Cobden-Sanderson, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Daimon, by E. L. Grant Watson. London: Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Edwin Muir in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Mr. Gerhardi has so many interesting qualities as a writer that it is difficult to disengage his distinguishing quality. He has wit, originality, an uncommon gift for the vigorous portrayal of character, and what is called temperament. But it is the unexpected combinations, sometimes happy, sometimes meretricious, which these qualities continually assume in *The Polyglots* that make the book so distinctive and so surprising. Like the people and the emotions with which it is occupied, Mr. Gerhardi's talent is mixed; is neither purely artistic, nor purely propagandist, nor purely journalist, but is all three together, and almost always in surprising proportions. The author is 'Russian' in his portrayal of the passions. He always shows us, for example, that such feelings as love and grief are mixed up with a number of other feelings, some of them trivial, some wildly irrelevant. But soon we begin to realize that he is impatient of this mixed character of human life, that his Russian psychology is policed by, of all things, a Wellsian *Weltanschauung*. And so his hero is only irritated, and on sociological grounds, by the natural grief of his aunt Teresa and by his affectionate cousin Sylvia, and it is this irritation, and not the grief or the love, that Mr. Gerhardi manages to convey to us.

His big scenes, accordingly, are disappointing. His minor scenes, on the other hand, are full of vigorous life. Yet in spite of them one feels that *The Polyglots* is not a work of art, and this is because the author's attitude to his world is still a little uncritical and in a sense journalistic. He shows the futility of the people whose lives he records, but he does not show their unhappiness; and his standards, intelligent as they are, are external ones rather than those of imaginative experience. He has the seriousness of a practical man revolted at the muddle which people make of their lives, and not that other seriousness which makes us wish to know why they do so. If he were to add that to his brilliant gifts, Mr. Gerhardi would be a serious writer.

The author of *Daimon* has many faults. His style is sometimes awkward and stilted, his dialogue still more so; but he has two fine virtues — depth and sincerity of mind, and a sense of the inexorability of character. *Daimon* is the story of the lives of an Australian sheep-farmer and his wife. The husband loves the bush; the wife is terrified by it. Again and again they try to make terms with each other, but eventually the forces of their character are too strong for their wishes; the husband yields, and they settle in a more civilized place in the south.

After fifteen years the compromise breaks up again, and the man, now over sixty, is drawn back to the bush. In his chief scenes, and in his grasp of the necessity of the wills of these two people, Mr. Grant Watson is true and profound; and the weaknesses of the book are chiefly in the beginning, which is loose and uninspired, and in the conclusion, which is not exactly enough imagined to be probable. The description of the death of the stallion, and of the two women, mother and daughter, who live in the bush hating each other, have an immediacy and simplicity that are impressive.

Lawn Tennis: The Game of Nations, by Suzanne Lenglen. Masters of Sports Series. London: G. G. Harrap and Company, 1925. 2*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

There can be no doubt that lawn tennis is the most popular and widespread of pastimes — a sort of universal sport, in fact. In her preface to this admirable little treatise Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen denies that the game is 'feministic in essence,' and takes up her parable against those who describe it as 'patball' and insist that it is altogether lacking in the spice of peril — did not W. H. Laurentz, who beat A. F. Wilding at the age of seventeen, lose an eye through being hit by a hard volley! 'It does not follow,' writes the incomparable Suzanne, 'because the game has most wonderfully brought together the young and the old of both sexes in friendly athletic conflict, that it has an inherent reference to the only other social preoccupation that is able to produce a similar effect — the tea-table. Indeed, England should be proud that, like the tea-table itself, she has been instrumental in founding, establishing, instituting, and sending forth an ever-widening influence, a thing which, although essentially British in feeling and origin, has met with favor all the world over from those who not only speak, but also think, in other languages.

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Lawn tennis is the most magnificent ambassador and the most unconquerable diplomatist.'

Declension, by a Gentleman with a Duster. London: Mills & Boon, *5s.*

[*Irish Statesman*]

ONE opens a book by the 'Gentleman with a Duster' who held the 'mirrors' up to Downing Street with expectations. There will be humor, perhaps mordant; irony, perhaps a trifle too searching; also much aphorism; and the heavily arrowed epigrams will not fail to transfix the object they were intended to pin. Thus, if one's acquaintance with the author be slight, one anticipates one's own criticisms. Then one opens and reads through 157 pages of trenchant though not wholly unsympathetic invective, is disappointed that the book is not brilliant, and finally is touched by its moral purpose. Once the ironist appears, and the Gentleman allows himself a clever jibe: 'Aristotle believed that food is digested in the lungs; Sir Robert Peel that all the world would adopt a policy of free imports.' But the purpose of the book, which one suspects at first to be merely complementary to his essay, 'On the Conservative Mind,' goes deeper than this. He sums up the situation he is considering at the close of the three tractates which make up the book.

> A low moral vitality at the top, discontent and political confusion below, the individual man losing more and more his sense of gratitude for the past and responsibility for the future, no real sense of unity and brotherhood in the nation, no feeling anywhere of duty, or consciousness of direction, and no enthusiasm for the greatest empire known to the history of mankind — if this be the state of England's mind, how can she escape the restitution which must needs fall on blindness of heart and lassitude of soul?

It is a sombre, if not a capital, indictment, and although the writer will not commend himself to many Irishmen by his passing biased references to our own recent troubles, nor heighten our attachment to the Empire by his recital of England's, the illnesses he diagnoses are too epidemic in Europe for us wholly to escape them. If rather functional in Ireland than organic, we cannot profess to be so whole in health as to refuse all medical advice. Neither do I think we shall, as a people, formally reject his prescription for the cure of 'Declension' (it was originally Lord Acton's) — 'the inflexible integrity of the moral code,' and 'to judge' (that is, discriminate between good and ill) 'according as things promote, or fail to promote, the delicacy, integrity, and authority of conscience' — though how far we or any other people are prepared universally to adopt the implied regimen is another matter!

We may have erred in this necessarily incomplete summary, which throws exclusive emphasis upon the moral aspects of these problems of *Declension*, but they are the best-written parts of the book. One feels a purpose, hardly profound and not at all subtle — indeed, the weightier because plain-spoken — behind them, which rings with the sound of a pure metal. There is a little alloy, indeed, of political prejudice, which we feel the author tried to eliminate. He did not wholly succeed. British Socialists, and perhaps Liberals, will feel that much in the book is not quite just to them, but his philippic against the idle rich — who, if also rare in Ireland, are not extinct — is just, and the book, by its high purpose and its direct and virile style, deserves attention.

The Victors, by Peter Deane. London: Constable, *3s. 6d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

A BITTERLY ironical story, so vivid and so convincing in its realism as *The Victors*, can have been reproduced only from real life. It concerns a boy, an ex-officer, and tells us what happened to him after he was demobilized. It is a pitiful, tragic tale, and perhaps the most tragic thing about it is that it will be understood, and its lesson realized, only by those who themselves went through the war, and are now forgotten.

Michael Foster had Winchester and Oxford behind him, but he died by his own despairing hand after three years' search for work which would enable him to keep body and soul together. He hawked books, or men's socks. He conducted people round the battlefields. His friends drove taxis, or buses, or licked stamps. Finally there was no more hawking to do, because keen young boys came from school who did it better. Then, starving and spent, he crept to his garret and turned on the gas.

The story is told with great power and restraint, and is very impressive — a remarkable piece of work, in fact.

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Through an error, the following item was omitted from 'Books Mentioned' in our issue of October 17, containing 'A Spaniard's Exposition of Spengler':—

SPENGLER, OSWALD. *The Downfall of Western Civilization.* New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $7.50.

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